THE SUNDAY APPEAL.

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SUNDAY APPEAL.

HAPPY TIDINGS.

The sharp rat-tat—the post has come!
Tidings are here of friends long parted!
To some of hope and joy—to some
The news that leaves them broken-hearted.
That heap of letters which he bears—
Who knows what destinies are in it?
Borrow and laughter, mirth and tears;
The post!—some bless, some curse the minute.

But if the face can tell one aught,
One scarcely now need be afraid—he
The best of good news must have brought
To yonder bright-eyed smiling lady.
Good news, good news has come, 'tis plain—
Is it from sister, brother, cousin?—
Or is it from some sighing swain?—
Lovers she has at least a dozen.

What words precisely writ are there
One need not now stay to discover:
Besides, it would not quite be fair
The reader's another lover's lover.
Enough proclaim those glistening eyes—
The postman here has brought a treasure;
And if at times my lady sighs,
'Tis not in sorrow, but pure pleasure.

We'll leave her here alone to read—
To gloat in secret o'er her letter:
Her looks—whate'er its theme—concede
It could not well be any better.
Or, as we mentioned "theirs" above,
We'll simply offer one suggestion—
It is not unrequited love,
And so we may dismiss the question.
—*Belgravia.*

A REMARKEBLE STORY.

A Man Lost for Fourteen Months.

From the San Francisco Bulletin, Aug. 4.]

Some fourteen months ago there was established at Vallejo, a thriving establishment in the furniture business, of which the owners were Lazarus Cohn, the founder of the business, and Mr. Morrison, who had recently joined. Mr. Cohn was a married man, with a family of children living in Vallejo, where he was generally respected. About the time spoken of above, Cohn came to San Francisco to make some considerable purchases in the way of business. He brought with him about $150 in gold, $400 in currency, and $1400 in five-twenty bonds belonging to Morrison, which he was to sell, and use the proceeds for the purposes of the firm. He attended Newhall's store and shipped goods from there. On the second day he purchased still more largely of Newhall and others, and among other places called at a broker's office regarding the sale of the bonds. He found that he could not quite realize the minimum price fixed by Mr. Morrison, and wrote to Vallejo for further instructions. In the evening he visited a private family, but left about 9 o'clock, stating that he would go home, for he was very tired. He set off, professedly to go to the private house at which he had been sleeping, but was never heard of again until yesterday afternoon, when a letter was received from him at New York. His statement is that he was shanghaed and carried in a state of insensibility on board a vessel in the harbor. He believes he must have been drugged after he was knocked down, for the first he remembers was the sickness of recovery. It appears the vessel struck a reef shortly before he had fully come to himself, and one of the first things he remembers is a sailor coming to the bunk in which he lay, after the vessel had struck, and giving him water and a biscuit. The sailor, in view of the fate which seemed impending over them, expressed his remorse for what he had done—whether the crime referred to was the shanghaeing or only the subsequent robbery, Mr. Cohn does not know. But the man made restitution of his share of the plunder by giving back to the owner the watch and $100 of the greenbacks, which had been taken with the gold, bonds and other sums from him. The crew, he believed, then left the ship in the boat; he never saw them again, and believes they were drowned. During the following night the beating of the ship on the rocks threw Cohn out of his bunk on the deck. In the morning, sick and faint, he crept up the ladder, and looking out, saw that the tide had receded and left the ship almost dry on a rocky island. His strength returning, he got ashore, and afterward made several journeys to the ship, getting out stores of provisions, etc., each time. After a while the ship broke to pieces. He lived the past winter on food he got from the ship, but in the spring his provisions were exhausted, and death by starvation stared him in the face. Fortunately the ship's boat, we suppose the one in which the men had sought to escape, had drifted ashore, and launching this, he put off to sea, without food or compass. The third day he thinks he became insensible, and remembers no more until he found himself a sick and broken man on a ship proceeding to New York.

From that port he now writes, and his letter states and his writing shows him to be in very bad health. He has sent his wife $75 in currency, out of the $100 restored to him by the repentant sailor, and expresses his intention of coming back to California as soon as he is strong enough and obtains the means. The surprise created by the letter is very great, and if his story is true, and we are informed that his family and partner believe it, it is one of the most extraordinary adventures ever published. Of course, at the time Cohn disappeared there were not wanting rumors that he had absconded, but his partner and his wife both held stoutly to it that he had been foully dealt with. The investigation was not commenced until he had been missing three days, because his friends here, among whom was a lady whom he had invited to go to the opera the following night, thought he had returned to Vallejo, and those in Vallejo thought he was still here. A telegram from his wife asking why he did not write, first aroused the suspicion that he was missing. The other facts, accounting for his time up to 9 o'clock the night he was shanghaed, were ascertained by the police of this city, who were employed in the case.

Parisian Infamy.

A Paris correspondent writes: Childmistresses are the latest horrible development of high life in Paris. It is fashionable now to keep mistresses such as delighted the infamous Louis XV, of the Parc aux Cerfs. For instance, little Gregorine, who, two years ago, played the violin at the Cafe de France, and was so generally admired for her beauty, is now kept by the old Vicomte de B., at a house in the Rue d'Acajou. The poor little creature could not have been more than ten years old when she played at this cafe. Other instances of the same description are mentioned. At the last meeting of the editors of the opposition papers this subject was broached, and several journalists were in favor of publishing the names of the scoundrels guilty of such infamies. But the majority thought that the government would shield them because some of them are members of the Corps Legislatif, and that the corrupt tribunals would condemn every journal bold enough to denounce these abominations.

New Fodder.

Mr. M. Vicary recommends the utilization of the foliage of the common ash tree, *fraxinus excelsior*, as a means of supplementing the hay crop. In Sweden, Finland and Denmark, before the advent of cold weather, which impairs the succulence of the leaves, every frond and leaf is collected from the boughs of the ash, of which some are immediately used as food for the cow, horse and pig, and of which all eat with avidity. The remainder of the leaves—the main crop, is placed in empty houses, a little salt being scattered among them, or placed upon slightly elevated stands in the rick yard, using also the stipulated quantity of salt, which are then securely thatched over as security from the rain. Thus treated, the ash fodder lasts through the winter and spring, and at this period, if deemed requisite, is boiled or steamed with the addition of some bran. The main crop should be harvested before frosts or cold winds set in.

MRS. SURRATT.

J. A. Bingham's Part in Her Murder.

Referring to Bingham's connection with the trial of Mrs. Surratt, and the charge of complicity with that unfortunate lady's murder, brought against Gen. Hancock, the Washington *Union* says:

We happen to know something about that affair. Gen. Hancock was the Military Commandant of the Department of Washington at the time of Mary E. Surratt's execution, and he simply carried into effect the military orders of his superior officers. He did not issue an "order for her execution," and John A. Bingham knows it. The writ of habeas corpus was served upon Gen. Hancock to produce the body of Mrs. Surratt in court, and if he could have had his way at that time, he would have obeyed it, but John A. Bingham, thirsting for innocent blood, assisted in framing excuses why the order of the writ should not be obeyed.

After the case was closed, and the argument of counsel submitted, the court met to deliberate and make up its findings. A majority of the court were in doubt as to Mrs. Surratt's guilt, and so expressed themselves. At this juncture John A. Bingham, in the absence of her counsel, *reargued* the case in the most violent manner, and did the most flagrant injustice by bold misstatements of evidence, and it was only after a long browbeating process that the final decision in her case was reached. It was at this point that the petition for a commutation of her sentence, not her "pardon," was drawn up and signed by many members of the court, Gen. Hunter at the head. If there was no doubt of her guilt, why this hasty action on the part of the court to secure a reversal of her sentence?

Mary E. Surratt would never have been hung but for the unwarrantable and illegal interference of John A. Bingham after the case had been closed, and in the absence of her counsel.

It is no answer to this charge to say that Mr. Bingham, as assistant Judge Advocate, was a member of the court and had a right to be present at the finding. The law permitted Gen. Holt to be present, and only he; but even Gen. Holt would have had no right to reargue the case. It is due to President Johnson to say that he never saw nor heard of this petition until long after Mrs. Surratt was in the repose of her unchristian and wicked burial, and the matter was kept as a secret from her counsel until after her execution. But this is not all, and perhaps this is not the time either to tell the sad and bloody story of her personal sufferings during her incarceration, but John A. Bingham in attempting to bolster up the failing fortunes of the Radical houses has over-stepped the mark.

Mary E. Surratt was arrested in April when the weather was cool, and while she was yet dressed in winter clothing. She was confined in an inner cell of the Arsenal, the dimensions of which were about seven feet long and three wide. It had a stone floor, stone walls, and an iron grated door. Its only furniture consisted of a very thin straw mattress, an army blanket, and an old pail. She had neither washing utensils nor a chair to sit in, nor a single comfort, for her toilet and dress. A year or so previous to her incarceration she had been cured of a serious private malady. She had not been sitting on that cold stone floor but three or four days when it was brought on again with redoubled violence. The pains in her back and hips were of the most fearful description, and at night time they penetrated her chest, and with the damp, chilling atmosphere of her prison house, seemed almost to freeze her vitals. At this time she commenced her real martyrdom in the additional pains caused by a terrible hemorrhage which continued up to the day of her most foul and damnable murder, and from which she was rapidly sinking in peaceful death when the dread summons was read to her at twelve o'clock, on the 6th of July, 1865, to be ready to mount the scaffold between the hours of ten and two o'clock, on the 7th of July, 1865.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Call for a Revision of the Liturgy.

A tract has lately made its appearance, supposed to be in the interest of the popular wing of the Episcopal Church. It is entitled, "Are there Romanizing Germs in the Prayer Book?" The author, whose name is not given, has apparently studied his subject with great care, and by voluminous quotations seems to prove that the Prayer Book teaches by implication, first, that the Bible is not the sole Rule of Faith; second, that the Ministry is an exclusive Priesthood with Supernatural Powers; third, that Baptism carries with it Instantaneous Regeneration; fourth, that the doctrine of Consubstantiation is partially accepted. The author concludes by saying that he is "constrained to affirm that there are Romanizing Germs in the Prayer Book." He adds:

They are imbedded in our otherwise Protestant formulary. They are found in the Doctrines of the Rule of Faith, of the Ministry, of Baptism, and of the Lord's Supper. Developed according to the fixed law of germination, they bring forth fruit after their own kind, such as: The Bible is not the sole Rule of Faith; the Ministry is an exclusive priesthood; Baptism is an instrument of regeneration; the Lord's Supper is an expression of Consubstantiation.

It is a noteworthy fact that during three hundred years a large and influential sacerdotal party have existed within our Church, and come down to our time in uninterrupted succession. Their railying cry has been these very doctrines. They have vindicated them by appealing to the natural interpretation of the Occasional Offices, our popular theological formulas. Embodied in the various members of that party, we see those Romanizing germs in their several degrees of development. Here is "the minister," who has, as yet, adopted no element of the priesthood but its "exclusiveness," has just begun to inwrap the sacraments in mystery, and to link together, as peers, the Bible and the Prayer Book. There is a "priest," who, having taken the successive steps of sacramentarianism and sacerdotalism, places a crucifix above the altar, reverently crosses himself as he passes out, and closing the door of his vestry-room behind him, looks wistfully across the street to the open door of Rome. Between this minister and that priest are many in transitu from the ministry of the Gospel to the priesthood of Romanism. To deny this is to deny that the sun is shining in heaven, and that the ocean is dashing upon the sands of every shore.

To obviate all this the writer calls for liturgical revision, and insists that the question should be pressed with fierce agitation to a conclusion. He closes as follows:

Those who sympathise with the sentiments of this tract do not now desire to interfere with those who prefer the Prayer Book as it is, provided their own convictions of duty can be satisfied in some other way. They realize the vast difficulties which surround liturgical revision in so divided a church as our own. They would be content until there is a further development of Romanizing germs, if there was granted them a *reasonable liberty in the use of the objectionable parts of the Prayer Book.* For illustration: Suppose that all the occasional offices were popularly recognized to be optional, as the "Visitation of the Sick" now is; or that other offices were prepared and duly set forth for such as might desire to avail themselves thereof. A precedent for this latter course might be borrowed from the fifteenth century, less free than our own, in the uses of York, Sarum, Rome, Gaul, etc., or from the Sunday school liturgies, thanksgiving services, and forms of the laying of corner-stones in our own time.

The outward unity of the Church would not be broken. The essentials of the Word, Ministry, and Sacraments would remain as now. The unimportant manner of the Form of Administration only would vary. Augustine said: "Unity of belief is not infringed by variety of certain ordinances." Gregory wrote: "When the faith of the Holy Church is one, a difference in the customs of the Church doth no harm." Such liberty would then mark this century as has characterized the Church in all ages. The bestowal of it would be a generous act on the part of those who are in authority. It would be making good the oft-repeated boast that we are a *comprehensive* church, by proving that there is room within it for the free exercise of more than one class of opinions.

If it be urged that the Ritualists would make the same demand, we say heartily in reply, let their demand be granted. If we are to have indeed a comprehensive church, let all shades of thought be free to develop themselves. We have enough confidence in the power of truth to be without fear as to the ultimate result. But if we are not to have a comprehensive church, we ought to know it, that we may no longer "compromise honor and morality by the recital of common creeds and the use of a common ritual."

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Many Killed and Wounded.

From the Fort Gaines Mirror, 5th.]

This morning, about eight o'clock, the new bridge being built across the Chattahoochee river, in consequence of the rising waters, which drifted rafts of timbers against the temporary structures, washed them away and the whole came down with a tremendous crash and fatal result; taking nearly the entire second span, which reached the brick pier, a distance from the wooden one of about three hundred feet. The cries and groans of the sufferers, like a panic shock, was soon communicated to the inhabitants, and our city was in general commotion, rushing to the river to save the perishing ones. Skiffs and flatboats were procured and the dead and wounded were landed along on the bank of the river from the ruins of the fallen bridge, as they drifted down the stream.

About thirty hands were employed on the bridge, many were working underneath, and a large number of spectators were also on the bridge at the time it fell. All went down together from an altitude of about 80 feet.

Among the killed and wounded we could only learn the names of the following: Killed, John C. Hill, sheriff of Clay; Hooker Steven, missing, and supposed killed; James Middleton, colored, and Jerry Sutton; wounded mortally, Wm. A. Jackson, R. L. Peters, and Robert Brown; wounded slightly, Wm. Waldon, W. H. Jernigan, W. G. Jernigan, Wm. Mount, and Andrew Newsom, colored, mortally. We did not learn the names of all the colored wounded; some that went down with the bridge have not, up to this time, been heard of.

THE McGHEE MURDER.

How Whalen Looks and Acts in the Dock.

The trial of Whalen for the murder of Thomas D'Arcy McGhee, member of the Canadian Parliament, attracts a great deal of attention. The Montreal *Herald* thus describes the scene as the accused entered the prisoner's box:

Whalen having been placed in the dock, his handcuffs are taken off. He looks pale; a slight pink tinge over his cheek bones being the only trace of color on his face, and he nervously flogers his beard, trimming his moustache almost incessantly. He keeps glancing round the court to every point, and while preserving an appearance of calmness, keeps in constant motion, the muscles of the mouth twisting almost without intermission. There is a general straining to catch sight of the prisoner, and during some time the cross-examination of a witness about a trivial case is going on, as if it would never cease. Whalen's forehead is low, and slightly receding; the jaw and chin are, as far as can be seen for his red beard, striking and determined looking; yet he has by no means a bad expression of face, and would scarcely be picked out, as he looks now, for the man who would commit so atrocious a crime as that of which he was accused. He looks strong and muscular, with broad shoulders, but no great depth of chest; slender limbed and bullet headed: the animal evidently preponderates. The dock on which he is seated is but little raised above the level of the floor, badly placed, and the wood work round is so low that an active fellow could easily leap over. One of the jurors having requested leave to withdraw, Whalen is called forward to plead. When the charge is read over, Whalen says firmly: "I deny that;" and on being asked if he was ready for his trial, says he is; but on appeal to his counsel, says he will be ready by Monday. Mr. O'Reilly, Q. C. for the crown, asked that the case proceed to-morrow. Mr. J. H. Cameron, Q. C. for prisoner, said that the defense might possibly proceed on Saturday, but it was very undesirable that the trial should be begun on that day, as the jury would be detained over Sunday. It was decided to call the case of Whalen on Monday morning. Whalen almost immediately after was again handcuffed, holding out his hands to receive the handcuffs which the policeman had ready, and going out with the same air with which he had entered.

Daughter Against Father.

In the Circuit Court of Union county, N. J., now in session at Elizabeth, Judge Depue presiding, Mary E. Ackerman brought a suit against her father, James Ackerman, charging him with slandering her by the utterance of false and malicious charges against her character and chastity, and claiming damages to the amount of $5000. Mary is about twenty-five years of age, and was receiving the attentions of a young man to whom her father and step-mother objected very strongly—so much so that Mary felt compelled to leave their house, the mother following her to the street, trying in vain to compel her to return. Mary refused and was taken in by a neighbor, with whom she lived for some time, her parents holding her clothes, which she finally procured by the intervention of the Sheriff, at which time and on several other occasions, as is alleged, the father uttered the words for which the suit was instituted. On Friday morning the Judge gave a very interesting charge, after which the jury retired at about 10 o'clock in the morning and came in about 3 o'clock in the afternoon asking to be discharged as they could not agree, when the Judge very politely informed them they could retire to their room for the night. On Saturday forenoon, after being out nearly twenty-four hours, they returned and rendered a verdict for the plaintiff of $4000 damages.

—In 1865 General Grant told Senator Doolittle to warn the people of Wisconsin that if the present system of reconstruction was to be persevered in, on the basis of negro suffrage and white enfranchisement, it would inevitably end in a war of races. And when Senator Doolittle repeated these words from Grant's lips at a public meeting, Gen. Sherman sat by his side, and not only authorized him to utter the same warning in his (Sherman's) name, but in the presence of the people there assembled, General Sherman signified his assent to the words of warning as they fell from the lips of the speaker.—*Muscatine (Iowa) Courier.*

A MAN is generally ready to answer for his courage—especially when it cannot answer for itself.

THE NEW DOMINION.

Threatened Rebellion by the Nova Scotians.

From the New York Tribune]

The state of affairs in Nova Scotia at present is peculiar and remarkable. The House of Assembly is proceeding with the business of the country, but, while doing so, it emphatically declares that the people of the Province have been, and are, kept under the act of Confederation by coercion of the Imperial authorities, who have refused to set them free; and it solemnly protests that such measures of legislation as it may consider necessary to pass in the interests of the country must not be construed to signify any approval, direct or implied, of the act in question. The Nova Scotians declare that they are determined to be free, and that should England persist in refusing them the justice they claim at her hands, they will bide their time to strike the blow that shall give them deliverance. If the Imperial authorities ever had any doubts as to Confederation being really acceptable to these people they must now feel convinced, after all that has passed and is passing in the Province, that the representations made to them by the delegation sent to England in the early part of the present year were strictly correct. It remains to be seen whether, in view of recent developments, they will reconsider their decision, and restore her rights to Nova Scotia, or whether they will pursue the same fatuous policy which drove the American colonies into revolt. It is significant, as foreshadowing coming events, that the leaders of the repeal movement, both in the legislature and the press of the colony, are familiarizing the minds of the people with the idea of annexation to the United States. Let England continue to use coercion toward the colony and we shall not be surprised to see the Nova Scotians throwing off their allegiance to the British crown and appealing to the American people to aid them in a struggle for independence. At any rate, the sentiment of loyalty has so far lost its talismanic power over them that they have begun to talk treason—and that very openly and very boldly.

THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

From the Correspondence of Napoleon le Grand.

The twenty-fourth volume of Napoleon's Correspondence has just been issued. It contains the letters of the Moscow period, half of them addressed to Gen. Berthier, Adjutant General of the Grand Army. There is not a single letter in this volume addressed to the Empress, though we find that M. de Montesquiu, who died the other day Duc de Fezensac, was ordered to carry a dispatch to her Majesty, revealing the terrible result of the Russian campaign. Though it must have been a heavy business directing the march of more than 600,000 men through a strange country yet a few days before the battle of Smolensko, Menval was directed to write to M. Barbier: "The Emperor desires to have some amusing books. If you have any good new novels, or old ones which he has not read, or agreeable memoirs you would do well to send them, as we have leisure moments difficult to employ." Before many months all his books were in the hands of the Cossacks, and he had to apologize to the King of Saxony for not being able to return certain works borrowed at Dresden. One of the first things which the Emperor did when he reached Laipsic, on his return from Moscow was to send his Mameluke Roustam to buy some frivolous books wherewith to beguile the road to Paris.

Napoleon expresses his ideas on finance in a letter to Count Mollier, 10th of August, 1812. He writes:

"I have received the treasury balance for the first six months of the year, but have not had time to give it much attention. As for the 40,000,000 francs extraordinary they will be covered by 40,000,000 from the Roman States, or by 40,000,000 produced by the country. For, as the Treasury finds budgets for the army, the receipts of the army go to the Treasury. I have levied 2,000,000 roubles on Courland, etc., etc.

"NAPOLEON."

After Smolensko, Napoleon writes to brother and dear father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, praising the conduct of Prince Schwartzenberg, and asking for him the grade of Field Marshal. He also takes the opportunity to thank his Majesty for his kindness to the Empress in Bohemia: "She is now at St. Cloud, and every one finds her fat and well." He afterwards announces to his father in-law the result of the battle of Boradino, and asks for reinforcements. By a piece of unpardonable negligence the famous regulations which Napoleon drew up at Moscow for the guidance of the Theatre Francais do not appear in this volume but in revenge we find a decision and a letter concerning press legislation, both dated Moscow, which are important. Count Montalivet having proposed the suppression of a historical work, in which the reputation of a member of the royal family of England was outraged, the Emperor decides that the censorship has taken a wrong direction in wishing to make itself responsible for for all printed matter. "My intention is that every thing be printed, absolutely everything, except obscene works, and works tending to disturb the tranquility of the State. The censorship should pay no attention to anything else." And on the day following, the Emperor wrote a letter to the same effect to the Minister of the Interior.

After a short stay in Moscow came the retreat, and the first letter in which Napoleon betrayed his feelings was dated from the right bank of the Beresina, and addressed to his foreign Minister at Wilna. He wrote:

"I have received your letter of November 25th, in which you make no mention of France, and give no tidings of Spain. Yet I have been without news for fifteen days—no courier—in total obscurity. * * * The army is numerous (there remained about 50 000 men), but disbanded in a fearful manner. It would require fifteen days to reorganize; but how obtain fifteen days? Cold and privation have disbanded this army. We shall march on Wilna; but shall we be able to hold that place? Yes, if we are unmolested for a week; but if attacked at once we shall not be able to resist. Provisions! provisions! provisions! without which there is no saying to what horrors the town will not be subjected by this undisciplined mass. In the present state of affairs I think my presence necessary in Paris. Let me have your opinion. NAPOLEON."

On the 8d of December appeared the last bulletin, in which the state of la Grande Armee is faithfully given. It terminated thus:

"Our cavalry is so cut up that we have been obliged to unite such officers as had a horse left to form four squadrons of 150 men each. Generals serve as captains, colonels as sous officers. This sacred squadron, commanded by Gen. Grouche, never loses sight of the Emperor. His Majesty's health was never better."

Two days later Napoleon handed over the command of the army to Murat, and set out for Paris, where he arrived on the 18th of December. On his way back he told Kellerman that he had committed a great fault in exposing his poor soldiers to such a climate, but that he would soon have 800,000 men under arms. On the 23d of December he wrote to the Minister of Marine: "M. le Comte Decres, I desire that you will cause all the land forces now in garrison on board your ships to be disembarked in order to serve in the active army," and this order was afterwards extended to sailors.

ILL-MADE fortunes, like ill-made candles, are apt to smother their own splendor with their own grease.

RELIGIOUS.

THE CHURCH.

I watched the builders, day by day,
Building a church across the way.

Block after Block, with nicest care,
They piled the granite firm and fair,

And set the windows all ablaze
With memories of Christ's earthly days.

Windows and wood-work rich and rare
To twilight gloomed the noonday's glare,

And curtained desk and cushioned seat
Glowed like the ruby's steadfast heat.

"They build," I heard a man declare,
"A house of Pride as much as Prayer."

But quick his comrade answered "Nay,
They build as in the Jewish day,

When of their rest the people brought,
And their best works the artists wrought."

But still his words the first maintained—
"The world in selfishness has gained."

And still I heard the other say,
With shaking head, his pleasant "Nay;"

And to myself I softly said,
"A thousand blessings on his head;"

For he in purest truth has caught
The charity that Jesus taught;

And unto him the House of God
By angel feet is always trod,

For each man through his own heart sees,
And so agrees or disagrees;

And in no temple built with hands
For us the High Priest waiting stands,

If from the altars of our hearts
Sin's heavy veil his presence parts.
—JOSIE LEIGH.

ITEMS.

—Mr. Morris Tyng, a son of Rev. Dr. Tyng, has left the law and politics and is studying for the ministry.

—The Boston Young Men's Christian Union has leased a spacious suite of rooms at the corner of Washington street and Suffolk Place.

—James Eels, late pastor of the Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, edits the *Occident*, in San Francisco—an able Presbyterian paper.

—Baptist Noel has resigned his pastorate to devote himself to Evangelism, in his seventieth year! A bright and timely example.

—The *Protestant Churchman* impugns, historically and scripturally, the institutions of parishes and dioceses as a human usurpation.

—Christopher R. Brown, a colored graduate of Union Seminary, New York, has been ordained as pastor of the Temple Street Church in New Haven.

—The minutes of the late General Convention of Vermont report 195 churches, 81 of which have pastors, and 75 acting pastors; total church membership 18,238.

—Hon. N. B. Judd, of Chicago, has given Rev. F. S. DeHass, Pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, D. C., $1000, in order to secure a "Chicago memorial window" in that church.

—The Methodist Missionary contributions last year lacked about twenty-five per cent. of what they were the year before, and twelve per cent. this year, so far.

—Isaac Newton, a Second Advent preacher, was prosecuted lately in Massachusetts for preaching too loud. Nothing came of it; the prosecution was evidently prompted by *odium theologicum*.

—A Baptist congregation in Rahway, New Jersey, was recently preached to by a Methodist minister and a Methodist congregation by a Baptist minister by mistake. All parties were pleased.

—The Spiritualists held their Fifth National Convention at Rochester, New York, last week. A prayer, purporting to come from the spirit of John Pierpont, was offered. The attendance was large.

—Washington University, of St. Louis, has given up the Polytechnic Institution into the hands of the city school board, the latter assuming its liabilities, which actually amount to $180,000, but are nominally $100,000 more.

—Columbus, Ohio, is to have a magnificent new Roman Catholic Cathedral, with a front of one hundred, and a length of one hundred and eighty-seven feet. There will be a tower and chime of bells. The building will be in the Gothic style.

—George H. Stuart and his Christian liberty, both survive the edict of a petty sect. He was out the other day at the national camp-meeting at Manheim. Will the Methodists get the great stone which the Reformed Presbyterian builders refuse?

—The Second Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, Ind., Henry Ward Beecher's old church, is finishing a beautiful stone edifice, while the old white church, once painted by Mr. Beecher's own hand, is being altered to suit other purposes.

—The Young Men's Christian Association, of New York, are called to send delegates to the third annual convention, to assemble in Auburn on Tuesday afternoon, September 8, at half past three o'clock, and to continue in session during the following Wednesday and Thursday.

—The Catholic University at Notre Dame, at South Bend, Indiana, was reopened on Tuesday, with over 300 new students. The directors propose to erect a fine observatory tower, during the year, in which they will mount the telescope lately presented to the college by the Emperor Napoleon.

—The London Midnight Mission reports that scarcely a girl has ever been *rescued* by its agency from a life of shame, who had not been a Sunday scholar. The "last sensation" in the reformatory line, is an article in which this fact is perverted to seem an evidence that a majority of abandoned women are from our Sabbath schools! Anything for a sensation.

—Camp-meeting, says the *Church Union*, is flourishing with renovated youth. At the late Sing-Sing camp-meeting, some 800 persons professed conversion, and at the closing love-feast, 380 persons spoke in an hour and a half. But it is nothing new for as many to speak in half a minute on such occasions. The Martha's Vineyard camp-meeting, opened last Monday, has 800 "tabernacles," some costing as high as $1500.

—The Pittsburg *Christian Advocate* remarks the general falling back of experienced Methodist preachers into third-rate positions, and the filling up of all first and second rate appointments with young men and men under fifty. It attributes this loss of power with years—which ought to be a gain—to the reflex influence of preaching over old sermons. The sermon is as good as ever, but affects the preacher, and therefore the hearer, less and less every time it is delivered. Musty sermon, musty preacher.

—Among the receipts of the American Board for July was $75 in gold, from Hon. Anson Burlingame, to the two schools in China under the charge of Rev. Messrs. Chapin and Goodrich. The various sums, large and small, received at the Mission House in Pemberton Square, on Monday, the last day of August, amounted to $13,000, and the entire receipts for August were about $96,000. This would close the financial year with a debt of $45,000, but the books will be kept open till the first of the next week for any contributions which the donors may desire to have counted in with the receipts of the past year.

—Speaking of the feeling of Baptist ministers for performing the sacrament of Baptism, the *Examiner* says that the only other instance in which we have ever heard of baptismal rites, was in the case of the colored preacher who, after immersing sixty candidates, charged them a dollar a head for his services. Upon the next baptismal occasion, only two candidates presented themselves, whereupon the preacher declined to proceed, upon the plea that he wasn't going to sloth himself all over for no two dollars. These two instances, which we suspect are about equally authentic, constitute the sum total of Baptist precedent and practice in this direction.

Shaker Singing and Dancing.

A writer in the *Ambassador*, in the course of account of a visit to the Shakers at New Lebanon, says: One merit their entire religious service possesses, it is destitute of the nasal twang, destitute of the "godly tone," and destitute of cant. Could not some of our eastern preachers be induced to visit them, and take lessons? They speak upon religious topics in the natural voice, without whine or drawl, or sanctimonous accent. There is a manliness and straightforwardness, and (excuse the term) down-rightness in their tone. I think that must be one of the "best gifts" which Paul tells us to "covet earnestly." Certain am I that the habits here mentioned in contrast with it are among the worst gifts which religious people, and clergymen in particular, can cultivate. Why will men who can speak in a manly, natural way when on the street, assume a miserable, canting style the moment they open their lips in the religious assembly?

Most persons are familiar with the dancing practiced by the Shakers, and which, as they are literalists when it suits them, they have no difficulty in defending with Bible texts. But we witnessed one dance, or rather march, which is worthy of description. The choir was drawn up in an oval line in the center. A double column, mostly of the younger brothers and sisters, surrounded them; and outside of these, and reaching the entire circuit of the space allotted for such exercises, was another double column, mostly elder persons. The choir sang several songs whilst these two columns moved around them in opposite directions; but as a grand finale, they, too, moved in time with the tune, and in the same direction as the outer column. It was an imposing spectacle, each alternate column moving in an opposite direction, the white caps, and almost white and straight, plaited dresses of the sisters, forcibly suggesting the thought that they were spirits from another shore. Whatever might have been my impressions, had this public exhibition of themselves been my first acquaintance with Shakerdom, the knowledge I had obtained during the earlier part of this visit would not permit me to doubt that, with them, this was worship. Peculiar, absurd, inconsistent they may be; but they are deeply and thoroughly sincere.

Sleepy Hollow Church.

The old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, says the New York Evening *Mail*, is closed again until next summer. The visitors at Tarrytown have greatly enjoyed the simple spiritual services in this oldest church building in the State, during the past two summers. On Sunday they sat down with the descendants of the first settlers to the old communion table which the fathers brought with them from Holland. The quaint old table was extended for the occasion until, with its additions, it formed a cross extending the whole length and breadth of the church. Around this gathered the old and the young, the city visitor and the country farmer, and "kept the feast" after the apostolic fashion. The pastor of the church who seems to glory in being "a born Dutchman," and whose appearance gives sufficient evidence of a good digestion and a good conscience, conducted the services, with the assistance of the Methodist minister, whose parish is immediately adjacent. The Liturgy used was a beautiful condensation of the old Dutch "form." The addresses contained a neat allusion to the change since the Indian Idolaters kept the feast of the white dog on this spot, and to the piety of the fathers who built these walls, as the old records express, "in the midst of heathendom," and the prayers of thanksgiving, of consecration and intercession were all on the primitive model, though we could not tell whether they were liturgical or extempore. The hymns and tunes were familiar, and were sung with hearts and eyes full to overflowing. It was a day long to be remembered. We wish that the custom of providing for the religious enjoyment of Christian summer visitors was more common.

Scottish Covenanters and the Stuart Case.

"The members of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Great Britain are peculiarly anxious to disavow all sympathy with the action of the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church against Mr. Stuart. Many of them are also strongly opposed to the use of hymns in social and public worship; and the subject was brought before the meeting of the Synod in Edinburg in May last, by a memorial, and was fully discussed. The old use and wont of the Church was against the employment of uninspired hymns of praise; but even the Cameronians, as they are termed, have been unable to resist the whole tendency of modern song service in the sanctuary. It is now asserted that hymns are beginning to be freely used in the congregational Sabbath-school, and that a great majority of the laymen, and a considerable proportion of the ministers, are in favor of allowing the use of a small and select number of hymns."—*The Christian World (London.)*

A Severe Punishment.

A gentleman had a talk with a wicked man. "You do not look as if you had prospered in your wickedness," said the gentleman. "I haven't prospered at it," cried the man feelingly. "It is a business that doesn't pay. If I had given half the energy to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might now be a man of property and character, instead of the homeless wretch I am." He then told his history, and ended by saying: "I have been twice in the State prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but, *I tell you, my worst punishment is in being what I am.*"

The Test of Love.

"I do love God," said a little girl to her papa one day, when he had been talking to her about loving God. "Perhaps you think so." "Oh, I do; indeed, I do, papa." "Suppose, my child, you should come to me and say, 'Dear papa, I do love you,' and then go away and disobey me—could I believe you?" "No, papa." "Well, dear, how can I believe that you love God, when I see you every day doing those things which he forbids? You know the Bible says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'"

The Little Tract Writer.

Dr. Barff, of Wirtemburg, when a little boy, wished to be useful to his schoolfellows. At the age of ten years, he wrote a tract, and as he had not money enough to get it printed, he wrote out twenty copies to give to them. He has since spent a great deal of his life in writing and publishing tracts and books, which have been very useful, and several hundreds of thousands of them have been printed in different languages. If we wish to be very useful when we grow up, we must begin while we are little.

Moravian Missions.

The summing up of existing results of "the foreign missions of the Unity," contains the following items: Missions 15; stations 88; preaching places 307; missionaries 311; native assistants 1052; adult converts 39,968; under instruction 70,311.

A For-Get-Me-Not for Poor Menken's Grave.

We heard a Southern lady, who was reduced to pecuniary want in London during the war, say that Adah Menken was the only one of her country women she could ask for assistance with any hope of success. She applied in person to the "Star of Astley's," and received the entire contents of her purse in her lap, which was no inconsiderable sum.—*London Cosmopolitan.*

IT is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

COUNTERFEIT virtues are often a more popular currency than the genuine.

MASONIC.

A HINDOOSTANEE MASONIC SONG.

Ub mujlis ke beech bolo "Khoosh amudeed"!
Our Rett ka oojala nur wukt raheg'a.
Jab dil ke mochubbut se dostee, gurdeed,
Hur such a Biradur humesa milega.
Kisee Peer ne buhaya jo Sone ka Kahn
Issanon ke under chhipa pura hy,
Gurud ke ribban se ub mila huyan,
Biradur ke dil mein Sona bhura hy.
Ub mujlis ke beech, etc.

A TRANSLATION.

Let's welcome the hour when thus happy we meet,
May the light of our Order long gloriously shine,
While in the kindliest feeling and harmony sweet
All true Brother Freemasons forever combine!
Some sages ones declared that a portion of gold
In mankind lay concealed, but he ne'er could impart,
The secret recess, till our Masters of old
Proved the ore was Freemasonry "engaged in the heart.
Then welcome the hour, etc.

Notice from Grand Council of Arkansas.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY, }
LITTLE ROCK, ARK., September 1, 1868. }

The Annual Assembly of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Arkansas, will be held in this city, at 10 o'clock a.m., on Saturday, October 31, 1868.

The Annual Convocation of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Arkansas, will be held in this city, at 10 o'clock a.m., on Thursday, October 29, 1868.

The Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, will be held in this city on Monday, November 2, 1868.

Returns of Subordinate Councils, Chapters and Lodges will be made up to the 1st of October and forwarded as early after that time as practicable. The necessary blanks have been sent to each Secretary and Recorder.

It is earnestly enjoined that there be a full representation at the coming Assemblies.

Delegates will report at the office of the Grand Secretary immediately upon their arrival in the city.

WM. D. BLOCHER, Grand Secretary.

The Great Masonic Meeting at St. Louis.

From the St. Louis Freemason.]

On the third Tuesday of this month (the 15th) will meet in St. Louis the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States, and the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the United States.

It is generally expected that both bodies will have a larger representation present than has ever before assembled at a triennial meeting.

This opinion arises from several causes. There will be more important questions presented than generally occurs in one meeting, and the point selected is more accessible than any heretofore chosen in the Mississippi Valley; and, finally, this being the first meeting held since 1859, in which peace has absolutely reigned in the country, there is an earnest desire to have a general reunion and fraternal salutation.

These national bodies, in their triennial assemblies, are in one sense fraternal conventions, for the purpose of interchanging views, work, usage, etc. In this way the best posted Masons are brought together, and in the private rooms of delegates much valuable information is exchanged from one side of the continent to the other, not only on the work of

TO THE PUBLIC.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY APPEAL.

One copy, one year	$ 12 00
Five copies, one year	50 00
Eleven copies, one year	100 00
Twenty-Five copies, one year	200 00

WEEKLY APPEAL.

One copy, one year	$ 4 00
Five copies, one year	17 50
Ten copies, one year	32 50
Twenty-Five copies, one year	75 00

Any one getting up a Club of Five or more for the WEEKLY *at the above rates will receive a copy gratis. Subscriptions always in advance.*

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements having the run of the paper, first insertion $1; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per Square.

Advertisements in Want or Rent column, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Monthly advertisements, $8 for first and $4 for each additional square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals, to be charged as new each insertion.

Monthly advertisements inserted in the SUNDAY APPEAL *will be charged one-sixth additional.*

Advertisements inserted in the WEEKLY *will be charged half of* DAILY *rates.*

Local Notices 20 cents per line first insertion, and 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

All transient advertisements, not from regular advertisers, MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

A Square is the space occupied by eight lines of solid nonpareil.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence, on Public Events, solicited from every part of the United States.

SUNDAY APPEAL.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 13, 1868

For President.....HORATIO SEYMOUR
For Vice-President.....FRANK P. BLAIR.

TENNESSEE.

EIGHTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.....JOHN W. LEFTWICH.
For Elector.....W. W. VAUGHAN.

THE NEWS.

The valuation of personal and real estate in the State of New York has been ascertained to be $1,786,599,140.

N. Wheeler, the proprietor of the sewing machine, is said to be a candidate for the next Democratic nomination for Governor of Connecticut.

Timber rendered fire-proof by impregnating it with silicates, is used extensively in Germany for flooring planks, doors and stair cases.

The Medical School of the University of Paris is open to women, and one American lady has already passed her first examination for the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

The Atlantic Cable reports that Christian Friedrice Schonbein, of Basle, died on Friday last at Baden-Baden. He was the discoverer of ozone and the inventor of gun-cotton.

They have a French paper in Chicago called *L'Opinion Publique*. It goes in heavy for *Liberte! Equalite! Fraternite!*—something like Grant's "peace."

Another submarine telegraph cable, with three conductors, was laid across the Ohio at Louisville, on Wednesday last, by the Western Union Telegraph Company,

Advices from the hop districts of Wisconsin report the yield as only moderate. Did Tennessee comprehend her full agricultural interests, she might largely profit by such contingencies as this.

Capt. L. C. DeLisle and James Turner, Esq., had an altercation the other day in a Justice's Court at Marshall, Texas, during which DeLisle shot Turner four times in the left thigh, shattering the limb so badly as to necessitate amputation.

Specials to the Chicago *Republican* say that "authoritative" advices from Little Rock indicate a Democratic reign of terror in Arkansas! The word "authoritative," according to Radical use, must certainly have a meaning not to be found in Webster or Worcester.

On the 24 inst., shortly after the flood began to abate, a difficulty occurred in San Antonio, Texas, cause unknown, between a negro and a soldier, which caused a riot, in which two negroes were killed and a United States officer wounded. Several other persons received injuries during the affray.

Enoch Train, the eminent ship owner of Boston, and a near relative to Geo. Francis, died of apoplexy on the 9th inst., aged sixty-seven years. Twenty-five years ago, or thereabouts, he built the "Ocean Monarch," then the paragon of Liverpool packets and the biggest ship afloat, afterwards burnt in the British Channel.

A convention was recently held at Hamburg, Ark., to inaugurate steps to build a railroad from some point in Arkansas, connected by rail with St. Louis, down through the counties of Drew and Ashley in that State, and through the parish of Morehouse, on to this point, traversing a country unequaled for fertility in all the Southern States.

Franz Vester, of Newark, N. J., has invented a safety coffin, from which, in cases of premature interment, the individual buried can extricate himself upon returning to consciousness. The inventor demonstrated the feasibility of the thing the other day by being covered four feet deep with mother earth and hanging "down" an hour and a half, then resurrecting himself as good as new.

On the 27th ult., a sergeant and three men of a United States infantry regiment, entered the town of Kosciusko, Miss., and arrested a man named Capt. Thomas Jenkins, charged with shooting and maiming a negro named Jeff. Banks. Mr. Jenkins was taken to Vicksburg in irons. Four thieving negroes have been sent for as witnesses against him. This is military justice.

The aggregate amount of money expended in the city of San Francisco, for fruits, foreign and domestic, between April 15th and July 25th, is estimated at the enormous sum of *seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars!* The single item of strawberries foots up four hundred and fifty tons, sold for $150,000! And all this *exclusive* of apples, pears, peaches and grapes, the season for which was just commencing, with promise of great abundance.

The "headless rooster" was placed on exhibition at Lynn, Mass., the other day, but the proprietors of the show were soon arrested because they had no license, and taken to the stationhouse. During their absence the phenomenon was investigated, and the fact disclosed that a false neck had been carefully fastened over the head of a living rooster. The unlucky showmen are now held also to answer to a charge of obtaining money on false pretenses.

No diseased cattle from the West can pass through Buffalo. If any sick animals are found in a herd they are separated from it, and slaughtered at a bone-boiling and rendering establishment, while those in good health are quarantined for twenty-four hours and sent back to the place from whence they came, or detained twenty days and then forwarded to their destination, providing their health continues good. Cattle cars are all disinfected with carbonic acid, whether having contained sick animals or not.

A few days since one of a herd of Texas cattle that was being taken East by the Little Miami Railroad, died when near London, Ohio, and the carcass was thrown off the train. Shortly after a drove of fourteen hogs discovered and devoured the dead cow, with fatal effect, every one of them dying before the next morning. This would seem to disprove the theory advanced by Professor Gamgee, that the flesh of deceased cattle is not deleterious.

Mr. Davis as a merchant, Gen. Lee as a college president, Gen. Beauregard as a railroad president, and all the other Confederate leaders engaged manfully in making a living for themselves and families, without ostentation, and with no vain repining at their misfortunes and losses, afford a spectacle which is as honorable to them and to their countrymen as it is vexatious to Northern and English dealers of those leaders under adversity continual opportunity for the mean laugh and the malicious sneer.

A dispatch from San Antonio, Texas, of the 2nd inst., says: A very destructive flood prevails. The river commenced to rise at daylight, and has now attained a depth of over 15 feet, flooding a large portion of the city. Housing down the river; men, women and children struggling through water waist deep, and the general wreck, to reach terra firma, leaving their untenable houses to the mercy of the surging waters. Loss, estimated $500,000, of which the Government loses about $100,000; remainder among merchants on banks of the river. The rain abated about 10 o'clock at night, at which time the waters began to fall very fast.

We gave publicity, some days since, to an interesting account of the attempt of a father to obtain the control of his daughter, who is in the Ursuline Academy, at Louisville. We now learn from the New Albany *Commercial* that when the suit was called in the Circuit Court, last week, Dr. S. E. McKinley, the plaintiff, failed to appear, and the case was indefinitely postponed. It is also stated that the daughter, who is about twelve years of age, is held by the Superior at the request of relatives residing in Louisiana, on account of the drunkenness of the father, and his unfitness to have charge of her. The child will, upon the death of her grandmother, inherit an estate valued at half a million of dollars.

THIS ISSUE.

We invite the scrutiny of our readers in looking over this issue of the APPEAL. We have made some improvements that will commend it as superior to our issue of last Sunday. To these we propose to add, from time to time, and until we have attained all that is attainable in the way of a thoroughly interesting literary, and news paper for Sunday readers.

THE PROCESSION.

Weak-kneed neutrals, if any such there be in this vicinity, must have been convinced by last night's display of the strength and energy of the Democracy of Shelby county, that victory is possible. No grander or more imposing procession has ever been witnessed here. In the same phalanx, enlisted under the same banner, marched the ex-soldiers and officers of the Federal and Confederate armies. Mingling and fraternizing for the common good, unitedly declaring for the Union, the Constitution, and the Maintenance of the Laws, marched the men, who but a few years ago led in the fore front of battle in opposing lines, exhibiting a moral power more grand than any that even they ever felt. Would that the *People* of the whole country could have looked upon this display of patriotic ardor, this effectiveness of organization for the high and holy purpose of revolutionizing, at the ballot box, a political system of the most odious and tyranizing nature—the hated and bastard offspring of civil war.

To reflective and honest Republicans, too, this demonstration, peaceful and orderly, must carry conviction that WE OF THE SOUTH, opposed to them politically, mean to have justice, and that nothing *they* can do will hinder us from it. From a few, in three years, we have grown to our present proportion of thousands. We have outgrown the down-heartedness of defeated rebels, and feel, that as freemen, we have rights to win on the soil of Tennessee, and in peaceful political contest, as sacred as those for which our living heroes fought and the thrice-blessed dead of the Confederate armies contended. Radicalism long since pushed us to the wall. We can go no farther in the way they have since the war compelled us. We must turn and retrace our steps towards the prosperity and peace, the good government, and wholesome administration of the laws, that once characterised us as a people. The tide has set in. We are with the current. It is mighty, and irresistible. It will carry us to the goal desired. Close up the ranks then, and push on the column. We *must* be victorious. There is no such word as fail with the men of last night.

WON'T BE SOLD OUT.

The colored men who lead the negro host in support of SMITH, learning of the fact that he was about to sell them out without dividing, have declared themselves opposed to the trade; and that if it is attempted to be consummated, as reported by us on Friday morning, they will go over in a body to the support of Dr. LEFTWICH. As it is, fears are expressed by leading Radicals that the exposé of this dirty transaction, which appeared in our columns, has so stirred up the honest negroes that they cannot any longer be held in, and will seek the first available opportunity to range themselves on the side of the Democracy. The deep and damning villainy of Radicalism is proving too much for even the poor illiterate negroes. They cannot stand the pressure of their would-be lords and masters. They will not be sold out. They say that if to sell them out like hogs and dogs is Radicalism, they will go back to their old friends, with whom they are sure of at least an honorable fulfillment of the obligations the laws impose upon us in their behalf.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

In our local column we publish a correspondence between the committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce to prepare a list of officers for the ensuing year, and Mr. T. A. NELSON, who, for two years, has presided over that body with credit to himself and profit to its members. It will be seen that this committee—composed itself of four of our oldest and most honored merchants—request that MR. NELSON continue to grace the Presidential chair. During the commercial year upon us the Chamber will need his services, his advice and council, and, equal to all, his energy. We are glad to announce that he yields to the honor thus re-imposed upon him. It is not asking too much to insist, as we do most respectfully, that the members show their appreciation of Mr. NELSON by strict attendance on 'Change, and the most self-denying exhibitions of interest in the growth of so necessary an institution as the Chamber of Commerce.

TAXED TOO MUCH.

Mr. BOSSON, Representative from Rutherford, says: "The revenue law "passed in March, 1868, it is believed, "will place in the Treasury of the State "at least $1,125,000 in excess of the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of "the State Government." If from this we deduct the interest on the State debt proper, amounting to $240,419 57, there will remain an excess of $884,580 43, more than is necessary to pay the expenses of the State. It is barely possible the Radicals intend this fund for electioneering purposes and the maintenance of the negro vagrants they are importing from Mississippi and elsewhere, as instruments at the ballot box for the perpetuation of their power.

AN EXAMPLE.

Hon. B. H. HILL, of Georgia, is about, at his own expense, to make a tour from New York to Wisconsin, and "proclaim the truth wherever and whenever the National Democracy shall call upon him." A thoroughly educated politician, a sagacious statesman, a gentleman of winning address, and an effective public speaker, Mr. HILL is an accession to their list of orators, of which the Northwest may well feel proud. We congratulate them on securing his services.

JUDGE BROWN'S SPEECH.

In our issue of Tuesday morning next we will publish the remaining half of the speech of Judge T. W. BROWN, delivered before the Young Men's Seymour Club on a recent occasion. As a campaign document, fairly and candidly presenting our grievances and stating the infamous and pretentious character of Radicalism, it has not been surpassed by any Tennesseean during this campaign. We ask a careful perusal of it by all our readers.

LEGISLATIVE.

The Legislature has passed the odious Secret Society bill we printed on Monday, and the no less odious Militia bill. They have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. This means war, taxation, confiscation and desolation. How long, O, Lord! how long.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Election of President.

The following correspondence will be found of interest not only to the members of the Chamber of Commerce, but to our merchants generally. It will be seen that our friend Nelson has accepted the nomination tendered him by the committee:

CORRESPONDENCE.

MEMPHIS, September 7, 1868.

Thomas A. Nelson, Esq., President Chamber of Commerce:

DEAR SIR: The committee of the Memphis Chamber of Commerce, to whom was referred the nominations of of officers of the Chamber for the ensuing year, have been anxiously considering the subject submitted to them, and have come to the unanimous conclusion to appeal to you to retain the position of President of the Chamber, which you have filled the past year with such dignity and efficiency. We are aware of the wish you expressed to retire from this position, on the score of "rotation in office," and that another might take his turn in the onerous duties pertaining to it, but we think we express the wish of every member of the Chamber, as well as our own, in urging upon you to retain the Presidency of the Chamber, and contribute your time and talents, as heretofore, to the vitality and usefulness of our organization, and thereby contribute to the commercial integrity of our city.

With these views, we hope you will reconsider your determination to retire, and permit us to present your name for re-election to the annual meeting of members, on the fourth Monday of this month.

With sentiments of regard, we remain truly, your friends, etc.,

WM. M. FARRINGTON,
W. S. PICKETT,
D. H. TOWNSEND,
JAS. ELDER,
Committee.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 11, 1868.

Gentlemen: Your letter, under date of 7th inst., is before me. I am deeply sensible of the high compliment you have conferred on me, by asking me to accept another nomination for the position of President of the Chamber of Commerce. I have been honored by holding that position for the past two years, and was sincere in my request, made to the nominating committee, at the last meeting of the Chamber, that I thought "rotation in office" was right, and desired them not to consider my name in connection with the nomination. After saying that much, I had no expectation of being again complimented by a tender of another nomination. I would greatly prefer that the honor was conferred on some one more competent than myself to fulfill the duties of the position, and work the Chamber to that point of success which its importance to our city deserves. I cannot feel insensible to the flattering terms of your request, and the personal request of many members of the Chamber to the same effect. I therefore yield to your wishes; and if it is the pleasure of the members that I again serve them, I will do so to the best of my ability, relying on a more active co-operation than heretofore, by the mercantile interests of our city, in elevating the Chamber to that standard of usefulness which it should attain. I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

T. A. NELSON.

To Messrs. Wm. M. Farrington, W. S. Pickett, D. H. Townsend, James Elder, Committee.

MESSRS. G. H. BLOOD & CO.

Supplementary to the report published in last Sunday's APPEAL of our visit to the house of G. H. Blood & Co., (which at best was but hurried), we desire to bring before our readers certain points and features in their vast business which we failed to present at that time. We did not see more than half of the stock of stoves, and none of the paints and oils, as they were still in the old warehouse. In the

TIN PLATE DEPARTMENT

Messrs. Blood & Co. are the direct importers of all the tin plate, block tin, etc., used by them, and of a greater part of all of those metals and commodities sold in the Southwest. They have also all the machinery requisite for manufacturing the plate into articles of domestic use with men who know how to work them, and are prepared to furnish unlimited orders for tinware articles.

THE OIL DEPARTMENT

is another upon which we barely touched. This department is really immense, Messrs. Blood & Co. having perhaps the largest stock of burning, paint and lubricating oils of any house in this portion of the Southwest. Attached to their oil department is a refinery, which produces the most beautiful refined oils for the finer uses of art and lubrication, to the extent of over 400 barrels per week.

LEADS, PAINTS, ETC.

Messrs. Blood & Co., are the sole agents for the Collier White Lead and Oil Company of St. Louis, which has the reputation of making the very best article of white lead that is now manufactured. Here too can be found all the paraphernalia of the painter's trade—brushes, varnish, turpentines, graining combs, etc., besides every color and pigment that can be needed. In closing we can say confidently that Messrs. Blood & Co., have the most complete stock of everything in the hardware line that can be found in Memphis or south of it. Personally, they and their employees are men whom we can truly call gentlemen, and whom we can recommend to our friends and readers.

More New Cotton.

MEMPHIS, TENN., September 12, 1868.

Editors Memphis Appeal:

In accordance with our Circular of August 8, 1868, Mr. Thomas O. Bridgeforth, of DeSoto county, Mississippi, yesterday delivered us five bales of cotton, and received the old-time "keg of brandy." This shows what energy and enterprise can do. Notwithstanding the hearty exertions of other planters in DeSoto, Marshall and Panola counties, Mr. Bridgeforth has led them all. He delivered us the first bale on the 29th of August, and yesterday, the 11th, the first five bales. The competition has been animated, yet kindly among the planters, and we feel that they will rejoice with us that both the name and the money have been fairly won by a most estimable gentleman and public spirited citizen of "old DeSoto." Energy and industry among the planters will bring back the prosperous days of old, and we make it known with pleasure that this year Oliver Bridgeforth leads them all.

TOBIN, LYNN & CO., 346 Main St.

A Card.

MEMPHIS, September 12 1868.

Editors Memphis Appeal:

In the Memphis Daily *Bulletin* of September 12th, is a card of Colonel Fitch, containing a letter purporting to have been written and signed by me. I deny, as utterly untrue, any knowledge of or connection with that letter. I never saw the original, never dictated or wrote, or authorized any one to write it for me. I am a Democrat, and have always been one. I am well known to all the citizens of Memphis, and I repeat that no such letter ever emanated from me.

J. T. BROWN.

MESSRS. ALLISON BROTHERS.—Last Sunday, in our notices of first-class wholesale houses, an error unintentionally crept into our notice of this new and enterprising house. Knowing the name of Allison was intimately connected with the iron trade of Tennessee in times gone by, we took it for granted that it was the same or a branch of the same house, and spoke of the house as an *old* one. We take great pleasure in making the correction, and stating that the Messrs. Allison are comparative strangers, having lately come among us from Nashville, Tenn. They are now opening up at No. 270 Front street, for the fall trade, an immense stock of general hardware. They are, also, the agents of E. Carver & Co.'s improved gin, McNeale & Urban's fire-proof safes, Tennessee charcoal and Kentucky iron. Messrs. Allison Bros. are *direct importers*, and can therefore furnish a better and cheaper article of foreign hardware, guns, cutlery, etc., than can generally be found elsewhere. Country merchants will consult their interests by giving them a call.

By Telegraph.

Frightful Earthquake.

32,000 Lives Lost.

$300,000,000.00 in Property Lost.

NEW YORK, September 12.—The Guiding Star, from Aspinwall, brings the following: On the 13th ult. a terrible earthquake visited the cities along the coast of Peru and Equador, whereby 32,000 lives were lost, and property valued at $300,000,000, was destroyed. A rumbling sound preceded the earthquake. The sea was terribly agitated and flooded the land for a great distance. Erequipa, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, passed away and scarcely a vestige is left; only 400 live, however, were lost here. Avecu, a city of 25,000 inhabitants was also destroyed, leaving not a house standing. 500 persons perished here. A tidal wave 40 feet highe, rolled with terrific roar on the shore, carrying ships further on to the shore than was ever known before. The U. S. storeship, Fredoni, was capsized and all on board lost. She had $1,500 000 worth of stores on board. The vessel was rolled over and smashed to atoms. The United States steamer Wateree was carried inland and left high and dry, only one sailor was drowned. Owing to the great distance she was carried inland she can never be gotten afloat again. The Peruvian corvette America, was also carried ashore and thirty-three of the crew perished. The American merchantman Rosa Rivera, the English ship Chanticleer, and the French bark Edward arrived last night.

The towns of Juquique, Moquega, Serachu and Pisaqua were all utterly destroyed. Over six hundred persons perished at Iquique. The American merchants' loss is very heavy, and nearly all are ruined. The towns of Igawa, San Pubio, Aluntagui and Imantou are in ruins. Where Calacachi formerly stood there is now a lake. The populations of the above named towns are almost entirely destroyed. Pancho, Pullero and Chachaguino were also destroyed. The dead are so numerous that the survivors have been forced to fly from the stench of the putrifying bodies. In Guayaquall the earthquake was felt, but no damage was done.

A letter from Quito dated the 19th state that the earthquake continues at intervals of a few hours.

The President has issued a proclamation to the people to come forward and help the sufferers.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, September 12.—Later advices from Hayti state that the insurgents, on abandoning the seige of Port au Prince, left all their guns and camp equipage in the hands of Salnave, who proclaimed amnesty to all rebels except the leaders. Many rebels were surrendering under this proclamation, and Salnave's prospects looked quite promising.

The large billiard manufactory of Phelan & Collander, 36th and 37th streets, took fire this morning and, together with the contents, were nearly burned. There were 300 billiard tables in the factory, and material for as many more. A large number of tables were about to be shipped to California and the West. Loss $200,000. Three hundred workmen have been thrown out of employment by the fire.

A gang of roughs, hangers on to the Irvington base ball club of Newark, yesterday brutally attacked the Atlantic club, which had just triumphed in a game with the former. Several persons were shockingly beaten with clubs and cut with knives, among whom are Messrs. Bulkley and McGonigle, members of the Assembly, of Brooklyn, who are not expected to survive. No arrests were made.

H. M. Livingston, for many years clerk in Stewart's store, has absconded with several thousand dollars.

A dispatch from the Chairman of the Central Committee of Colorado, states that Mr. Belden, the Democratic candidate, is elected as delegate to Congress from the Territory.

Charles Crossman has disappeared from Jersey City with collections of soldiers' bounties, etc., to a very large amount.

Gen. Meade's official report on the Ashburn murder case is published, showing the abstract published a few days since to be a misrepresentation. Gen. Meade says he found that only threats of the punishment said to have been inflicted were made, and the prisoners were well treated.

A New Orleans special says there is intense excitement there over the proposed Radical procession to night. The Governor will apply to Gen. Buchanan for such dispositon of troops as may be necessary to preserve order. Gen. Hatch has issued the following:

FREEDMAN'S BUREAU, NEW ORLEANS, September 11, 1868.—There will be a torch light procession here to-morrow night, in which many colored men will participate. Intense excitement exists, which forces me to request the General commanding to dispose of the troops to prevent an assault which may result in wide-spread and general disturbance, destructive of life and property.

There will be an immense turn-out of colored men, who are arriving in crowds from the country. They are enthusiastic and are determined, and in case of outrage it is feared they will inflict terrible retribution.

The counsel for Beverly Clark, who is under an indictment for a conspiracy to defraud the Post Office Department, moved for his discharge to-day, before Commissioner Osborne, and after an argument on both sides, the case was adjourned until Tuesday, when a decision will be given.

CANADA

OTTAWA, September 10.—The *Recorder* (anti-Union) of this evening contains the following: "There are rumors on the streets to-day of a communication having been sent from a General of the United States to an official in this Province, offering fifteen to twenty thousand troops to Nova Scotia, if necessary, to insure a secession from the Dominion. The communication was sent to headquarters, and the contents were at once transmitted to the authorities of Canada and Great Britain. The report is entirely discredited here.

OTTAWA, September 11.—Whelan's trial was continued to-day. A number of witnesses were examined for the defense, but nothing of material importance was elicited. At the request of the prisoner's cousel the court adjourned the case at 2 o'clock until to-morrow morning, in order to allow the arrival of an important witness from Cincinnati. Previous to the adjournment of the court, the jury visited the scene of the murder, with a view of obtaining information concerning certain contradictory points in evidence. Sir John W. McDonald and lady occupied seats on the bench, near the judge, to-day. A number of priests and ministers were among the listeners.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WORSESTER, September 12.—The house of Stephen Taft, of the firm of Taft & Co., was entered last night and the keys of the store and safe were stolen without disturbing the family. The burglars then proceeded to the store, on Front street, and ransacked the safe and obtained about $7000, mostly in Government bonds, which were deposited by different parties with the firm for safe keeping. There is no clue to the robbers.

WISCONSIN.

MADISON, September 12.—A father and son, named Turness, were suffocated by foul air, in a well, yesterday, some twelve miles from here.

NASHVILLE.

NASHVILLE, September 12.—Hon. H. Harrison, the Republican Elector for the State at large, opened the canvass with a highly satisfactory speech at the Capitol, this afternoon.

The Democratic Executive Committee has appointed Hon. Ed. Cooper as Elector at large, vice Geo. W. Jones declined, and agreed upon a vigorous prosecution of the canvass, and calling upon the Districts to appoint electors immediately.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, September 12.—It is now generally conceded that there will be a September session of Congress.

The committee from the Tennessee Legislature took a final leave of the President to-day, and forthwith telegraphed to that body that the President will sustain the civil authorities, and an order has been issued to the Department commander, Gen. Thomas, to sustain and aid the civil authorities, and, also, that a sufficient force will be furnished for that purpose. This is merely in accordance with the orders heretofore issued to Gens. Meade, Thomas and Buchanan. The committee, however, are satisfied with the result of their mission. The reporters were again excluded, as on yesterday.

The acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received official dispatches from Montana, representing that the Indians are all peaceful and no disturbance had occurred during August among the Indians within the Salt Lake superintendency, and they promise to abstain from further depredations on the whites.

By direction of the President, a committee of inquiry is appointed to inquire into the nature of the transactions of Gen. Dyer, Chief of Ordnance, regarding the accusations against that officer.

The Treasurer of the United States has received a communication from a Catholic Priest of Cincinnati, inclosing $50 00 in currency, conscience money, due the Government.

Fractional currency issued during the week, $435,900. Shipments $697,715. Shipments of notes $1,124 715. National bank currency issued for the week $93,850. Actual circulation at this date, $299,874,950. One million two hundred and eighty thousand dollars was issued to-day to the Pacific R. R.

John Surratt was here yesterday, counselling with his counsel in relation to his trial, which takes place on on the 21st inst. He will probably only be tried on an indictment for conspiracy.

The following is the telegram sent by the Committee to the Legislature:

To the Speakers of the House and Senate, also to Governor Brownlow:

Mission accomplished. The President will sustain the civil authorities. Orders have been issued to the Department commander to sustain and aid the civil authorities, and a sufficient force will be furnished to accomplish such purpose.

[Signed] W. H. WISNER, Sr.
THOS. HAMILTON.
J. H. AGEE.

The Committee, this evening, received from the Secretary of War a letter addressed to him by the Committee, together with a copy of the orders sent to General Thomas.

ATLANTA.

ATLANTA, September 12.—The Senate to-day declared Campbell and Wallace (colored) ineligible by a vote of 24 to 11. Campbell, in concluding his speech, said he knew his doom was certain, but claimed the right to enter a respectful protest at the proper time. The protest of Campbell and Wallace was received and entered on the Journal.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, September 12.—Fraudulent checks purporting to be drawn by a firm of this city, on the Second National Bank of Philadelphia, have lately been received from the West and from New York. They are all lithographed according to the imprint, by Mayer & Co., Fulton street, New York, in pale red ink, entirely different from any used by the bank or its customers.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, September 12.—Queen Victoria has arrived at Windsor.

PARIS, September 12.—It is reported that Spain has offered 30,000 troops to garrison Rome, in the event of a European war.

The insurgents have appeared in the mountains about Ronda.

DETROIT.

DETROIT, MICH., September 12.—The case of Reno and Anderson, charged with the robbery of Adam's Express Company in Indiana, on trial at Sandwich, C. W., for extradition to the United States, closed yesterday, and the argument closed to-day. Justice McMicken reserves his decision until Friday.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, September 12.—Edwin C. Bailey, editor and proprietor of the Boston *Herald*, was nominated for Representative to Congress by the Democrats of the Third District this evening.

TELEGRAPHIC MARKETS.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, September 12.—Cotton decidedly lower; sales 650 bales uplands at 26c. Flour lower; superfine, State and Western $7@7 75. Whisky firmer; bonded 70c. Wheat very dull, $1 42, and lower. Corn $1 19@1 20½.

Dry Goods—Lancaster prints have reduced to a shilling, Richmond 13c., Sprague and Pacific 13½c., Merrimacks 13½@14c, Cocheco 14c.; heavy brown sheetings 16@16½c.; printing cloths 7¾ @8c.

Call loans 3@5c; Sterling 7¼@9¼; money easy; gold 41½@41¾; new Tennessees 68@68¼, ex coupons.

New Orleans Market.

NEW ORLEANS, September 12.—Cotton irregular; middlings 23c.; sales 1422 bales; receipts 840 bales. Sterling bank 57@57½; New York sight par; gold 41. Flour, superfine $7 50; other grades unchanged. Corn steady, $1 15@1 17½. Oats dull, 65c. Bran dull, $1 30. Hay dull, Western $25. Pork quiet and firm at $31; shoulders 13¼c., clear sides 18½; lard firm, in tierce 20c., in keg 22@22½.

Louisville Market.

LOUISVILLE, September 12.—Tobacco, prices drooping, sales very light; lugs to medium leaf 9@12; Owen county cutting $17. Superfine flour $8 10@7. Wheat $1 00@1 05. Corn 92@96c. Oats 60@ 65c. Rye $1 20@1 30. Mess pork $30 @ 30 50. Lard 19½c. Bacon, shoulders 13@13½c; clear rib sides 18½@18½c.; clear sides 17@17½c.; bulk shoulders 15@c. Whisky, raw free, $1 30.

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, September 12.—Flour unchanged. Wheat dull at $1 98@2. Corn $1. Oats 55@56c. Whisky, bonded, 65c. Pork $29. Bulk meats 12½@13c. Bacon, shoulders 12½@13c.; clear sides 16½c.; ham's 20@21c; lard 19c.; butter 31@37c.; eggs 17c.; flaxseed $2 50.

St. Louis Market.

ST. LOUIS, September 12.—Flour dull and unchanged. Wheat firm. Corn steady. Oats 53@55c. Rye $1 18@1 20. Provisions unchanged.

Foreign Markets.

LIVERPOOL, September 12.—Cotton on the downward tendency. Sales 10,000 bales; Uplands 10¾d; Orleans 10¾d.

THE *Ledger* wants our merchants to mark the negroes who were in the Democratic procession last night. Our merchants had better mark the negroes who are *not* in the *Radical* processions. They will have precious few to mark.

DIED.

SHELDON—In this city, September 12th, WM. G. SHELDON, of the firm of Messrs. Woodruff & Co. The remains will be taken East for interment.

HUMPHREYS—At his residence, near Somerville, Tenn., on Tuesday, the 16th of September, 1868, of consumption, Hon. JOHN C. HUMPHREYS.

The death of few men in private life would be more deplored or carry grief to more hearts than that of Judge HUMPHREYS. During his long service on the Bench as a Circuit Judge in West Tennessee, by his purity of life, Christian character and great attainments as a jurist, he won the respect, admiration and affection, alike of lawyers and people. Among the remaining members of the Bar in West Tennessee, who were in practice before the late war, his death will be universally deplored. And there are among them many who, like the writer of this notice, will feel that they have lost one of the truest and best of friends. K.

FRESH IMPORTATIONS

FOR FALL TRADE.

B. J. SEMMES & CO.,

Irving Block, 254 Second St., Memphis, Tenn.,

Will receive, per Barque "A. G. Jewett," from Bordeaux, a full Stock of

FRENCH BRANDIES, WINES, ETC.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

"YANNISSEE" AND "WESTMORELAND" WHISKY,

AND HAVE ON HAND A FULL STOCK OF

Bourbon, Robertson County and Other Liquors.

au14 6m d&w

NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company.

S. D. McCLURE. | McCLURE & CASKIN, | THEO. C. CASKIN

GENERAL AGENTS,

OFFICE, 279 1-2 MAIN ST., MEMPHIS, TENN.

Cash Assets Over : $10,000,000 00

BUSINESS OF THE COMPANY PURELY MUTUAL

THIS is one of the OLDEST INSTITUTIONS of the kind in America, having been chartered in the year 1841, and commenced business in May, 1845.

During the twenty-three years of its existence, it has issued Policies upon the lives of more than FIFTY THOUSAND PERSONS, and has paid in losses $5,000 000 to the families and representatives of those who have deceased while members of the Company.

Special care in the selection of its risks, strict economy, and a safe and judicious investment of its funds, emphatically characterize the management of this Company.

Policies are issued in all the favorable forms which experience has indicated as favorable to the assured, and can be made payable at a specified time during the lifetime of the assured or at death. Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually or quarterly.

au23 d&wtf McCLURE & CASKIN, General Agents.

NEW ADVERTISEM'NTS

FOR RENT.—The Three-Story Brick Residence, No. 126 Court street. Apply next door. sep14 1w

Notice.

BY mutual consent, the partnership heretofore existing under the style of MOON & GEOGHEGAN, No. 2 2 Front street, is this day dissolved. R. A. Moon will continue the business at the old stand, and C. T. Geoghegan will retain an office at the same place, representing the house of Lewis & Geoghegan, of Greenville, Miss. Either of the partners will settle up the outstanding business of the late firm of Moon & Geoghegan.

R. A. MOON.
C. T. GEOGHEGAN.

sep15 1w

WM. M. TRIGG, J. T. PIGOTT, WM. M JOHNSON

WM. H. TRIGG & CO.,

Bankers and Exchange Dealers,

—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

BOONVILLE, MO.

REAL Estate bought and sold, Taxes paid, etc; Loans negotiated upon Real Estate security; Collections upon all accessible points made upon favorable terms, and proceeds promptly accounted for.

sep13 tf WM. H. TRIGG & CO.

VIRGIL V. MOORE, EDWIN WHITFIELD

MOORE, WHITFIELD & CO.

COTTON FACTORS

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

NO. 1 HOWARD'S ROW,

Cor. of Union and Front Sts., Memphis, Tenn.

☞ Bagging, Rope and Iron Ties furnished to customers. Agents for the "Taylor Gin" and Owen's Universal Cotton Cleaner. sep14 3m

H. FITZGERALD, Galnatin. C. C. BILL, Memphis. J. T. JEFFERSON, Memphis.

H. FITZGERALD & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers & Commission Merch'ts

Agents for the Sale of Sheeting, Cotton Yarns and Osnaburgs, Dupont's Gunpowder, and Printing Paper,

274 Front Street, Memphis, Tenn.

sep13 3m

MEMPHIS, OKALONA AND SELMA RAILROAD.

BY direction of the corporators of the above named company, a meeting will be held on September 25, 1868, at the Chamber of Commerce, Memphis, for the purpose of permanent organization. The Stockholders and all citizens friendly to the Road, and all canvassers for Stock, are requested to be present with their subscription lists.

sep13 N. B. FORREST, Prest pro tem.

F. W. IRVINE & CO.,

Cotton Factors

—AND—

Commission Merchants,

No. 278 Front Street, Up stairs.

Over R. S. Taylor & Co.,

MEMPHIS, - - - TENNESSEE.

sep13 3m

W. B. McDONOUGH, JOS. FLANNERY

McDONOUGH & FLANNERY

Practical

PLUMBERS,

No. 353 Main Street,

MEMPHIS, ; : : TENNESSEE.

sep13 1m

L. KREMER'S.

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING ALL THE

LATEST STYLES OF GOODS

In our line, selected by Mrs. KREMER. He known taste needs no commendation. Importing and buying at first hands, we are able and will defy all competition.

We invite an examination of our goods and prices.

L. KREMER,

sep13 1w 253 Main Street.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS!

Fare Reduced to New Orleans, Vicksburg, and all Points South, via

MISSISSIPPI AND TENNESSEE R. R.

Trains Leave Memphis Daily at 3:05 p.m

Time to New Orleans 21 1-2 Hours

CONNECTIONS SURE

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH

Rate from Memphis to New Orleans..... $18 00
Rate from Memphis to Vicksburg..... 12 50

Omnibuses will call for passengers and baggage in any part of the city.

Ticket Office, 257½ Main street, and at the Depot.

A. S. LIVERMORE,
General Superintendent.

JAMES SPEED,
JAMES PAMPLIN, Ticket Agents.
ASA HILL, Passenger Agent. sep13 1w

FOR MOUND CITY.

STEAMER PEOSTA LEAVES every day for Mound City at 7½ a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. Leaves Mound City every day at 6½ a.m., 9 a.m., 1 p.m. and 4 p.m. Landing at foot of Washington street.

MARK R. CHEEK, Master.

jy11

NEW ADVERTISEM'NTS

Grand Festival

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

St. Peter's Charity School,

ON MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, the 14th, 15th and 16th inst., at St. Peter's School House, on Washington street, near Third, the proceeds to be devoted to defraying the expenses of the school for the education of poor children.

☞ Admission, 50 cents. sep13

GRAND UNITED PICNIC

—OF—

St. Andrew's and St. George's Societies,

Thursday, Sept. 17, 1868,

FORD'S GROVE, CHELSEA.

NATIONAL GAMES OF BOTH COUNTRIES played on the grounds.

A Match Game of Cricket will be played by the

SUNDAY APPEAL.

Office—No. 13 Jefferson Street.

Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
New Orleans Express, daily, except Sundis accom'n, daily, except Sunday	8:30 a.m.	5:00 p.m.
Freight, (North Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; South, Monday, Wednesday and Friday)	4:15 p.m.	7.00 a.m.

Takes effect Sunday, August 16, 1868.
A. S. LIVERMORE, Gen'l Sup't.
C. P. OAKLEY Gen. Ticket Ag't. aul6

Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Through Mail (daily)	6:30 p.m.	12:30 p m
Through Express	10:40 p.m.	11:30 p.m
(This train does not leave Saturdays.)		
Corinth Accommodation, daily (except Sundays) at		6:00 a.m
Somerville Accommodation daily (except Sunday)	8:25 a.m.	5:10 p.m

Railroad Time is 20 minutes faster than city time.
Ticket office, 278 Main street and at Depot.
W. J. ROSS, Gen'l Sup't.

Memphis and Louisville Railroad Line.

	DEPART.	ARRIVE.
Day Express	6:40 a.m.	3:40 p.m
Night Express	3:40 p.m.	9:15 a.m

(City Time.)
Ticket offices No. 257½ Main street and at Depot, head of Main street.
SAM. B. JONES, Gen'l Sup't.

CITY MATTERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Hereafter individual bills of any Employee of this paper will not be allowed as an offset against accounts due us. And no bill will be paid unless contracted by our authority.

AINSLIE, KEATING & CO.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS

Are requested to report any irregularity in the delivery of the APPEAL at the Counting-room. Carriers will be supplied with certificates authorizing them to collect weekly.

ED. J. MANSFORD,
Supt. Circulation.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES TO-DAY.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Adams street, corner of Third, Very Rev. J. A. Kelly, O. S. D., Pastor; Revs. J. H. Lynch, D. A. O'Brien and M. B. Fortune, O. S. D., Assistant Pastors. Mass on Sundays at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a.m. High Mass and Sermon, 10½ a.m. Sunday School and Catechism, 2½ p.m. Vespers and Lecture, 8 p.m. Pastoral residence, 81 Adams street.

GRACE CHURCH—Hernando street, near Vance—Rev. Dr. Brooke, Rector. Services at 10 a.m. and 8 p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m. Mission School No. 1 on Shelby street at 4½ p.m. Mission School No. 2 corner Clay and Lo Soto streets, 3 p.m.

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH—Union street. Sunday School at 9 a.m. Preaching at 10½ a.m. by Rev. W. M. Patterson, Pastor.

ASBURY CHAPEL—Corner of Linden and Hernando—Rev. F. S. Petway, Pastor. Services at 10½ a.m. Rev. Dr. Winfield, of the Little Rock Conference, will preach at 8 p.m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. D. E. Burns, at 11 o'clock a.m. and 7½ o'clock p.m. Bible Classes and Sabbath School at 9 a.m.

REV. J. W. ROONEY takes charge of Forest Hill Institute and will preach every Sunday to a new congregation in Memphis, which proposes building a Church on Shelby street.

ST. LAZARUS CHURCH—J. T. Wheat, D. D. Rector—Madison street. Services at 10½ a.m. and 8 p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m. Daily services at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.

MISSION CHAPEL—Corner Jones avenue and Alabama street—J. O. Steadman, D. D, Pastor. Services at 10½ a.m.

THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner Sixth and Chelsea streets—Rev. W. A. Sample. Service at 10½ a.m.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL—Poplar street, east of Adams, Richard Hines, D. D., Dean—Daily services at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. Holy Communion celebrated on all Festivals and Saints' Days, and every Sunday morning at 6 o'clock, except on the first Sunday in the month, when the celebration takes place at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 9:30 a.m.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, (TABERNACLE), Court street, between Second and Third, Rev. S. H. Ford, LL. D., Pastor. Services, Sunday at 10½ o'clock a.m. and 8 p.m., and Thursday at 8 o'clock p.m. Young Men's Prayer Meeting Monday at 8 o'clock p.m. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock a.m. MARCUS COOPER, S.upt

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Rev. A. H. Kerr, D D, will preach at the Second Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Main and Beal streets, this morning at 10½ o'clock.

REV. F. H. BOWMAN will preach in the First Presbyterian Church, corner of Poplar and Third streets, this (Sabbath) morning at 10½ o'clock.

THE Southern Hotel will be fully opened to the traveling public on the 15th instant. It has just been refitted and furnished in every department. The proprietor, J. S Smith, will keep a first class hotel, at rates reduced from $3 to $2 per day. The planters' patronage is particularly solicited. sep13-1w

TURTLE SOUP! TURTLE SOUP!!—Vetter Dreissigacker's lunches have become famous, for he always has the very best to eat and drink, and serves out so frequently that Aldermanic EKERY, TURTLE SOUP. His wines and liquors are unexceptionable and his beer can't be beat. His barkeepers understand their business and his guests make themselves at home. Call at the Monroe Exchange, No. 35 Monroe street, if you don't believe it, to-morrow at 1 o'clock, and we will satisfy you.

sep13-21

CLOUGLE REFINING PROCESS.—There will be an exhibition of the celebrated Clougle Refining Process, in the Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Hall, on Monday, at 12 m., by Mr. M. Day, Jr., of the well-known Agricultural Implement Manufactories of Blymyn, Day & Co., Mansfield, Ohio, and Blymyn, Norton & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Day has been conducting some experiments for several days past at the store of Orgill Bros. & Co. Old Sorghum syrup has been refined and brought out with a brilliance and flavor equaling Belcher's or Stuart's golden syrup, while some raw juice refined on Saturday surpassed in color and delicacy of taste the finest syrups we ever seen. It was of a very light whitish hue in color, and so transparent that a newspaper could easily be read through a good sized bottle full of it.

It is the desire of some of our citizens that a large Commercial Refinery be started upon this point, and we hope our business men will give the Process a careful examination with this view, for there is no better point upon the river, or in the United States, for such an establishment. West Tennessee, Northern Mississippi and Eastern Arkansas could raise sorghum enough for a dozen refineries, and the Louisiana sugar plains are within easy reach, so that a refinery of any magnitude can be kept busily employed.

We are assured that the expense of refining by this Process is materially reduced—at least one-half to two-thirds—and the outfit is comparatively insignificant. We be speak a full meeting of the Board. sep13 2t

PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.—One of the striking elements of modern civilization, is the encouragement given to those who are desirous of making provision for the future. Institutions are already numerous, so guided by legal wisdom that if there is safety in anything which the Legislature has created, savings banks, trust companies, and life insurance offices are sustained by the strongest enactments that ever emanated from the representatives of the people.

But with all the excellencies which characterize the two first, the superior claims of life insurance investments are admitted without hesitation. Their stability is a strong feature. The rapid accumulation of income which is only gathered to be distributed with a moral certainty of reaching those for whom it is specifically designed, far outweighs all former plans in the world's history.

Life insurance is predicted upon vital laws, guided by the strictest rules of scientific investigation, so that if there is a real risk it is on the part of the institution granting the policy, and not a hazard of the person who receives it. In consequence of a true and positively increasing cash capital, the company can risk more than a single individual. Owns perpetually increasing its resources, while the latter is sure of receiving at stipulated periods, either for himself, his wife, or child, sums that may gladden the heart when dark clouds of adversity are most threatening in their aspect. Read the transactions of the ST. LOUIS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE, (which will be cheerfully furnished by the Agents in this city, Messrs. McMahon & Otis,) has developed into colossal proportions in a comparatively short period, in consequence of a strict adherence to the principles of equity which have invariably characterized all its business relations. It is not necessary to spread out head tables of figures to demonstrate its prosperity. Faithful agents and an intelligent personality are the instrumentalities by which the company moves onward, securely, and with an expected result. It moves to those whom its administration is intended to benefit, contributing largely to the comfort and confided, of course, and to the happiness of its of this generation, and ages. Messrs. McMahon patrons in succeeding Williams block, Madison street, Memphis, Tenn., are authorized to issue policies in this excellent institution. 2t

DEMOCRACY.

TORCH LIGHT PROCESSION.

OLD MEMPHIS REDIVIVUS.

GRAND POLITICAL DISPLAY.

A SPLENDID ILLUMINATION.

DEMOCRATIC CLUBS IN LINE.

BANNERS, FLAGS & MOTTOES.

10,000 CLUBMEN MARSHALED.

OLD TIME EFFORTS ECLIPSED.

30,000 SPECTATORS LOOK ON.

Memphis has never witnessed anything at all to compare with the display of last night. In vain will the oldest inhabitant rack his brain for a precedent, and the student of political history seek for a parallel. Memphis has eclipsed herself, and, for the first time in her history—indeed in the history of Tennessee—has shown what unity and patriotic effort may accomplish towards the grandest and most sublime moral effects.

The enthusiasm of the people—of men, women and children—culminated on this occasion. All were jubilant, all good humored, orderly and well-behaved, as well those who participated as those who were the spectators, of this grand occasion.

All along Second and Main streets, Winchester at the north, and Trezevant and Shelby streets at the South, far as the eye could reach, a dense and closely packed mass of people lined the sidewalks, filled the galleries and crowded the awnings. Fair women and brave men, old and young, rich and poor, white and black of our population were out. Every class participated and all acquitted themselves nobly and as became an Intelligent and law-abiding people. Incidents and a mishap or two, such as are inseparable from great gatherings and kindred excitements, are reported, but nothing that could be construed into marring the generally pleasant and agreeable features of the night.

The ladies, without whose presence even so grand a concourse and procession of men would seem but a poor affair and could scarcely be called brilliant,—they were everywhere in large numbers, elegant in toilets and radiant in beauty, leading the throng in enthusiastic cheers and demonstrations of rejoicing.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

At an early hour in the evening, the business houses closed their doors and began preparations for the grand event. Flags and banners and transparencies were hurriedly thrown out and put in place, and gas jets and candle-holders, to await the decline of day, when forth there blazed along the streets, especially Main, such an illumination as is almost beyond description. Chinese lanterns of every shape and device, generally composed of the national colors, transparencies of singular beauty and appropriately mottoed, made up, with the simple and sometimes beautiful illumination of the windows, a rare and gorgeous spectacle. No vision of fairy land nor Eastern fable could surpass it in brilliancy, nor match it in detail. Lightsome as sunlight, beautiful as poets dream was the *coup d'oeil* as seen from the corner of Jefferson and Main streets, looking either way. Whatever could add to the general effect and appear striking, was to be seen on and in the houses of our Democratic merchants and trades people, blending into one mingled stream of living fire, resplendently shining forth through the emblem of freedom, "our starry flag."

About 7 o'clock the Clubs began to muster at their respective rendezvous. Drums and trumpets, the clatter of horsemen, resounded on the quiet air, and recalled stirring memories of the early days of the war, when Memphis, yet young in tribulation and without the great sorrows that afterward overtook her, reveled in the pleasing holiday spectacles of military parades, as innocent of powder as the gathering of last night. How the heart leaped as thought treoped after thought, recalling those stirring days, and the dead men that once enlivened political gatherings with their cheers, and lent the charms of their eloquence to enforce the creed and sentiment of party. The years that have intervened since Memphis put on the robes of political honor and wreathed herself in gala smiles are burdened with sorrow—have been years of trial, of endurance, of triumph only in hope. The war intervened and blotted out all recollection of Presidential contests and all interest in all but one contest—that for Independence. From the reality of an independence that lasted only as long as Lee and Johnson's armies, we passed to subjugation, to military tyranny, and finally under negro governments. Groaning yet under the infamous tyrannies thus inflicted upon us, we have pledged ourselves to our Northern brethren to labor in the great work of the Democratic party—the removal of *our* disabilities and the prevention of the establishment of an empire under Grant and Colfax. Since we entered into that compact on the 4th of July last, clubs have been established, and the working machinery of a State organization been set in motion. We have had all manner of club demonstrations, and speeches of all kinds and descriptions, some in and some out of place, some that ought not to have been made, and many that will bear repetition. The leaders and the struggling great men have inundated us with explications and explanations of Democratic doctrine and generally we have had every sort of display, but the grand, magnificent and glorious outburst of last night which, as seen from the corner of Jefferson and Main, near the APPEAL office, was the culmination of all the efforts of our party.

Gen. Forrest and his Marshals, Col. Moses White, Col. Irving Halsey, Col. M. Magevney, Capt. F. L. Hamlin, Capt. J. W. Cochran, Capt. George Mellersh, and Mr. Edward Anderson, were on the ground with military precision, and by their promptness and quickness of movement, soon inspired order out of the chaos incident to formation. Precisely at 8 o'clock the column was on the march up second street to Winchester, through Winchester to Main, down Main to Trezevant, through Trezevant to Shelby, up Shelby to the stand between Monroe and Madison, on the bluff.

The following is the order of procession, and the salient and leading features of the city and county clubs, to whom praise beyond measure is due for their untiring efforts and the patriotic ardor that dictated so much in illustration and motto that was new, fresh and stirring, for the grandest political success in the history of Tennessee:

THE COLUMN

was headed by six policemen in full uniform, who marched three on either side and cleared the path for the procession, at the head of which, in an omnibus, was the

MEMPHIS CITY BAND,

under the leadership of the veteran Smith, surpassing even its old prestige—its clarion notes, swelling upon the summer air, and making the blood tingle and thrill through the veins of the vast and countless thousands who heard the sonorous metal breathing martial sounds. Next to the band came the

CAR OF LIBERTY.

This was a platform raised upon a framework on wheels, surmounted with seats arranged in pyramidal form, and the whole covered with drapery of red-white-and-blue tulle, spangled with stars. In front of the car was a locomotive lantern shedding a most brilliant light. On the seats, ranged around a sort of central throne, were thirty-six young ladies, representing the several States as follows:

TENNESSEE	Nellie Smith
INDIANA	Ida Armstrong
TEXAS	Anna Lumpkin
PENNSYLVANIA	Hattie Guthrie
VIRGINIA	Nellie Kimball
ALABAMA	Cora Ashe
CALIFORNIA	Kate Preston
NEBRASKA	Mary Ashe
KANSAS	Smith
WISCONSIN	Sora Bell Avery
MISSISSIPPI	Stella Specht
NEW YORK	Kate Kirk
GEORGIA	Mollie Taylor
MARYLAND	Knoxie Pickett
LOUISIANA	Emma Word
DELAWARE	Jennie Specht
KENTUCKY	Lady Bachus
ARKANSAS	Minnie Pallen
NORTH CAROLINA	Lillie Ballentine
NEW HAMPSHIRE	Clara Smith
OHIO	Eloise McPherson
SOUTH CAROLINA	Julia Morgan
FLORIDA	Addie McEwen
MISSOURI	Hatie Morgan
NEW JERSEY	Guila Deloonch
WEST VIRGINIA	Allie Owen
VERMONT	Annie Pickett
ILLINOIS	Willie Smith
MICHIGAN	Emma Mitchell
IOWA	Lillie Wray
MAINE	Lilla Specht
OREGON	Fannie Cartwright
MINNESOTA	Mary Belle Childs
CONNECTICUT	Henry Childs
MASSACHUSETTS	Louisa Coleman
RHODE ISLAND	Camella McPherson

On the throne, surrounded by the young ladies above mentioned, and representing the Goddess of Liberty, was Miss Katie Ware Harris, who looked a very *diva*. Surrounded and followed, as beauty was even in the knightly days of old, and even in our own chivalric times, by an escort of the Blair Knights, the car moved forward amid a blaze of pyrotechnic splendor, which burst forth from a hundred different directions as the cortege filed slowly by. A long line of knights, dressed in plain black pants and white shirts, and superbly mounted, carrying a hundred torches, filed after the car, the whole under command of Maj. Phil Allen. After them came a large wagon upon which was a platform, on which was the

SODA WATER APPARATUS OF C. J. HARGAN,

the beautiful and intricate machinery of which was in full motion during the whole procession, making, bottling and corking bottles of soda water, which were dispensed liberally to all who asked for it. Following this was the

PROCESSION OF THE PURIM.

In a chariot drawn by four gray horses and escorted by four Blair Knights, were four beautiful little Hebrew maidens, representing the mothers of Israel, Rachel, Leah, Miriam and Deborah. The carriage was tastefully decorated with flowers and lanterns and presented a fairylike appearance. Following the mothers of Israel was a canopy of evergreens, borne by four negroes, under it rode on horseback a Hebrew boy and girl, representing the King Ahsz and Queen Esther. On the front of the canopy were the words, in Hebrew and English, "Another Haman Found." Behind this, and as an escort, came a troupe of Jewish boys, dressed in spotless white, with mitres and breastplates, representing Levites. Following them was a transparency on a hand-wagon, representing a gallows, with Grant hanging on it, and the legend, also, "another Haman found." Close following these, with their beautiful banner, which has already been described in the APPEAL, was the

BLUFF CITY DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

These gentlemen turned out in force, having seventy-five torches and six transparencies in the line. One of the transparencies was a cheese-box, with the ends knocked out; astraddle of it was a "jumping jack" figure, worked with a string, and at the end was the simple word "Grant." Next came the

FIRST WARD DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

In the van of which was a huge pair of log wheels, twenty feet in diameter, drawn by six horses. Mounted on them was a triangular transparency with the simple and effective motto, "Seymour and Blair." One hundred and fifty-four torches were borne in the line, and six transparencies. The most ludicrous of the latter was one representing a "carpet-bagger on November 6,"—a lean and hungry-looking individual with a carpet sack, making a "straight shirt tail" for up Salt creek. This club was headed by the West Indian colored Conservative band. After the First Ward Club came two wagons, bearing transparencies, "Seymour and Blair." Close following these in the line came the

SECOND WARD CLUB,

headed by their colored band, who were doing brave service on their drums and fifes. At the head of the line, between it and the band, was a wagon, handsomely decked off, on which was for a design a huge game cock. On top of the transparency, chained to his place, was a live coon—"the same old coon." One of the features of the procession followed the club—the

SODALITY SILVER CORNET BAND

in a boat, square or barque rigged, and drawn by four horses, the rigging lighted up with Chinese lanterns, the whole making a brilliant and beautiful display. On the side of the boat was the motto, "Leftwich for Congress!" Following this band came the

COLORED CENTRAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB

bearing a beautiful banner, representing the white and black man shaking hands. About fifty lights were carried by them, and the body was marshaled by the veteran and portly Sam Croghan, who was gorgeously attired in grand regalia of silk and satin. Next in order, led by Tobin's 7th Ward (colored) band, came the

FOURTH WARD DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

which bore three transparencies and sixty torches, making a fine, though not quite so numerous a display as some other clubs. After the 4th Ward came the

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

This, though the youngest club in the line, was second to none in point of numbers, or in the looks and accoutrements of the men. It was headed by a wagon bearing a transparency, on one side of which was a locomotive labelled "Seymour and Blair," coming at full speed, with the motto, "Clear the track!" and on the other was Grant trying to ride a mule, which has become vicious, and is kicking and plunging, with the motto, "Let us have peace." In front of the wagon was a locomotive head light which shed a light over the whole line in front. They bore one hundred and fifty-five torches in the line and seven transparencies.

The wagon of Messrs. O. F. Prescott & Co., brilliantly lighten up with coal oil arrangements, and covered with patriotic mottoes, followed next; and after it French John followed in a wagon, in which was a furnace with a fire in it, at which John stood cooking. Over the furnace was a transparency representing Barbour Lewis reaching for an omlette—marked "$400,000." The devil has him by the shoulder, and says "look out brother, you will burn your fingers." To which the Immaculate replies, "Just one more grab, master." Next came the

YOUNG MEN'S INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

headed by its beautiful banner, which, like the one of which we formerly spoke, has already been described in the APPEAL. On the front is a portrait of Seymour, with the motto "Peace." The legend is, "The fame of the conqueror is the scourge of mankind." On the reverse is, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." There were a hundred and sixty torches borne in this band, each of which was unique and beautiful, the flame being sheltered from the wind by a glass shade. Following these came a

JOB PRINTING PRESS,

mounted on a platform on wheels, and kept at work printing the following card, which was being distributed by thousands on the line of march:

"White House, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., cheap boarding for the million. The spoons and silverware under the charge of an honest 'Butler.'"

Close following the printing press came the

FIFTH WARD DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

numbering over two hundred torches in the line, and all of them borne by sturdy yeomen. They were accompanied by the Fifth Ward Colored Democratic Band, who were untiring in their efforts to make "music for the million." Immediately following the band, and at the head of the club, was a car representing the temple of the Union, a beautiful kiosk of red, white, and blue, spangled with stars and trimmed with gold and flowers, the pinnacle being surmounted with a double reflecting lantern. At the head of the wagon was a locomotive reflecter, and in the kiosk, dressed in white, spangled with stars, and draped gracefully with the American flag, was a beautiful girl, Miss Mollie Carrol, representing the Goddess of Liberty. At the four corners of the platform were four young ladies, Misses Turner, Reed, Carrol and Kiley, also dressed in white.

Following the Fifth Ward Club was Joe Seligman's "turnout," carrying the "great and good" Larry Harmstad, and after it was a wagon full of "carpet-baggers," not the least life-like among whom was "little Jimmy Sullivan." The Fifth Ward Colored Democracy, carrying fifty lights, came next, and they were followed by R. G. Mathew's reaping and mowing machine, handsomely decorated and illuminated. Jeluco's Italian string band followed, leading the van of the

YOUNG MEN'S INDEPENDENT SEYMOUR CLUB,

who, headed by their banner, now so well known in Memphis, and displaying three hundred torches, made decidedly the best appearance of any dismounted club. A large transparency carried by them bore the simple legend "Constitutional Liberty." A platform bearing an anvil, forge, and other paraphernalia, followed next—being the "shop" of Schultz, the safe manufacturer. Several very appropriate mottoes were displayed by him, among them—"No Tax on Industry;" "Safes against Scalawags, Locks against Rogues." Another great feature of the evening, and one that elicited universal cheering and many floral testimonials from fair hands on the balconies and at windows, next approached. It was a wagon trimmed and completely arched over with evergreens and flowers, the most beautiful and costly that could be procured; in this were seated twelve soldiers, six Federal and six Confederate, in full uniform. A large square transparency was in the wagon, on which were blazoned, "United we stand, divided we fall," "Democracy is just," and other mottoes which we could not see. A wagon bearing a revolving sun, of peculiar workmanship, which we are sure is the same that we once saw operated at Charlie Broome's, the invention of C. W. Gulick, Esq., the scenic artist. It was magnificent, and eclipsed anything of the sort we ever saw.

MAYOR LEFTWICH'S CARRIAGE

came next. In it were his children, with their old negro nurse, bearing a transparency with the motto, "Radicalism can't put us from our mammy."

A COFFIN,

came next, borne by four colored men in deep mourning, with crape on their hats a yard long. The motto on this was "The end of Radicalism." Following the mourners were a band of colored men with picks and spades—"a burial corps."

THE GREENWOOD CLUB

came next with a banner bearing portraits of Seymour and Blair, with the inscription "a statesman and a soldier." One hundred and fifty torches were in this line, with many beautiful transparencies. Next came the

TENTH WARD CLUB,

led by the Tenth Ward colored band. A hundred and fifty lights were borne by this club. On their banner was inscribed "Union and Peace," and several transparencies were very fine—one especially, representing Grant riding a black hobby horse with a negro's head, with the motto "Grant's Hobby."

TENTH WARD CLUB NO. 2

followed with sixty lights and several transparencies, and they were followed by

THE DE SOTO BOAT CLUB,

in a boat, square rigged, on wheels, which made a unique and beautiful display. Their transparencies were painted on Chinese lanters and were all *apropos* and witty.

THE BUTCHER'S CLUB,

mounted on splendid horses, came next.

Following the DeSoto Club boat was a negro riding on a mule, bearing a transparency representing a plethoric carpet-bag, filled to overflowing with county bonds, with the motto, "Follow me my beloved." After him came another negro, riding a lame mule, with a transparency representing a bundle on the end of a stick, and with the motto, "We have followed you too long, brother Lewis." The members of this club, were dressed in black, with white aprons and wearing plug hats. They made decidedly a splendid show.

Another mounted band of

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATS,

led by Col. J. J. Dubose, came after the butchers' club, and these were followed by the

NINTH WARD CLUB.

bearing about one hundred and twenty-five lights. In their line was a full rigged ship, in which were about twenty persons. The motto was "Constitution and Liberty." They were led by the Ninth Ward, (Chelsea,) colored Democratic band. After these came the

NICHOLSON PAVING DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

with some thirty wagons, bearing chaldrons of burning tar, blocks, paving implements, and one wagon representing the laying of a section of pavement. This club made a fine display, and was no unimportant part of the grand procession, which the ice wagons of

ROHLEN & HUSE,

with two or three omnibuses, brought to a close—the grandest, most imposing and magnificent spectacle ever seen in Memphis.

ILLUMINATIONS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

On the corner of Main and Winchester streets a bonfire was kept up until a late hour, as also on the corner of Main and Market streets, and at several other points along the route. Taking our course down Main street, No. 4 engine house first attracted our attention. It is also the headquarters of the First ward Democratic club, and was brilliantly illuminated, with an immense flag extending across the street. Next came J. O'Connor's liquor house, and the drug store of A. Renkert, both of which looked well. Prof. Robertson's college, near by, was also quite attractive. The Overton Hotel displayed a handsome flag and was lighted up from one end of its long balcony to the other with jets of gas. Auman & Stuart's dry goods house and Joe Walter's drug store were illuminated, as well also Lunn & Mallon's. W. H. Winston's, Forster Kealhofer & Co., J. W. Thompson's and the wholesale boot and shoe house of Goodbar & Gilliland. This house displayed lights from each of the four stories of their building. B. Rocco, confectioner, on the corner of Main and Adams, must not be forgotton,—the photographic gallery nearly opposite, nor the drug house of C. C. Ward & Bro., which was finely set off with candles, lanterns, etc. Next in order came Wm. Miller's boot and shoe house, and Sproule & McCowan's clothing house. M. Kraus & Co., and Lyons & Pies, both dry goods houses, were tastefully fitted out with lanterns, etc., as was the furniture house of McKinney, Bynum & Co. Walker Bros & Co. had their immense store in the Clay Buildings beautifully decorated with lights and colored transparencies, and to our mind the display made by this house was second to none in the city. The headquarters of the Petro Oil Company varied the scene by embellishing their windows with many colored paper. Hesse, Levy & Co. were also well lit up. On the corner of Main and Jefferson, the handsome cigar store of J. E. Schiff attracted much attention, while on the southwest corner of the same streets the enterprising firm of B. Lowentein & Bros. was viewed with admiration by the thousands who passed and repassed during the evening. Mrs. M. C. Hunter, as well as Mrs. L. Kremer, were not chary with their illuminations, but had their respective stores tastefully arrayed with lights. At the drug store of G. W. Jones, parti colored lights were kept burning during the evening, lighting up the square and street beautifully. J. O. Ford & Co. had lanterns hung in festoons across the front of their saddlery house and next door. A. Soessel & Son made a very good display. On the awning was resting a large transparency having on one side the following:

"May the cotton cease to grow,
May the river cease to flow,
May the sugar cease to yield
Until the Democracy win the field."

The other side also bore an inscription, but an immense wave of living beings swept us along too rapidly to make further notes. Next came the well-known clothing house of Robinson, Sneed & Co., which besides being decorated with lanters, bore a transparency inscribed with the names of the people's candidates and underneath "Unity to a divided Nation. Freedom to an oppressed people." Menken Bros.' fine stor was resplendnet with light, and upon one side of a transparency we read the words, "We *Grant* no credit but want to *See-more* cash." Pooley & Barnum and Wells & Coll, our friend Leidy, of the Memphis Hat Company, Wallace & Gibson, J. C. Ward, J. T. Hamilton & Co., Miss Perdue—in fact all the houses in the block were bright as at midday. Leubrie, the great cigar dealer, George Bergman, who also disposes of the weed in every style, from finecut to the finest Havans, were trying to see how much gas they could consume. Cormuie, of the "House that Jack Built," caused his handsome little news depot to laugh with glee at the gala dress assumed for the occasion. Here there was a jumpof several heuses, none of which were lit except the agency of R. G. Dunn & Co. and the law office of Brown & Lyles. Mansfield & Higbee had their flue, large drug house open and hung with lanterns, which enveloped the gas jets. The Ice House, Clark's Risk & Johnson, L. Roco & Co., J. C. Holt & Co., Geo. Patterson & Co., and L. Newburger & Bro., were noticeable. The dry good house of Rice, Stix & Co., the crockery house of Lloyd, Clark & Co., the dry goods house of Howell, Wood & Co., and the house of Geo. H. Blood & Co., were very attractive in their display. At Mrs. M. L. Rodners several flags were extended over the sidewalk. J. S. Leavett & Co., of the well-known shoe house, had their handsome front finely and tastefully set off. The Fashion saloon vied with its neighbors in the way of light. Moores, Smith & Co., J W. Voegeli, Tobin, Lynn & Co., G. W. Falls & Co., and the Southern Hotel, were very finely illuminated. Here we left Main street and pursued our way to Shelby street, where we found the business houses of Mr. Ould, Mrs. Keeley, John Noni, Mrs. Yaeger and Thos. Shendan, dressed all out in light. F. & C. Heckle & Co., the Rialto, G. A. Eckerly, J. Trabucco, L. Bertoletti, the Shelby House, Greentree House and Moore & Whitfield, were all finely lighted up. On Front street at the late hour we reached it, the houses of A. Vaccaro & Co., Sutton & Mann, Orgill, Bros. & Co., Clarke, Ely & Co., Edmonds & Todd, R. Brannon, T. L. Martin and O. A. Kraus, were shedding forth rays of light. Many others who had lighted up very early in the evening we omit, owing to the lateness of the hour. On Howard's Row, Banksmith Humphrey & Co. were effulgent. On the streets running from the river we noticed many very fine displays. The St. Cloud Hotel, on Union street; the Central and Goodall houses, on Adams street; the Grey Eagle Restaurant, Bond & Jones and J. Specht, on Madison street, and the Empire Saloon, No. 18, Jefferson street, are all worthy of especial mention. On Second street we can only call to mind the Lehner house, the cotton house of Fowlke & Steffey, and the Dancing Academy of Mad. Leise, as having attracted our attention. Private residences without number were illuminated, and viel with the more pretentious buildings on our prominent streets, in the hale which they threw out amid the darkness of the night, but we must omit notice of them. We, however, would do injustice were we not to mention the residences of Mr. George L. Grayser, on the corner of Second and Market, and that of Col. A. H. Douglas, on Shelby street, which were cheered vociferously by the procession.

The newspaper offices were ablaze with light, but by far the most elaborate display was made by the APPEAL, which, in connection with rockets, Roman candles and blue lights, illuminated windows, and the star spangled banner, etc., had a large transparency inscribed with the names of Seymour and Blair upon the roof of the composing room.

ON THE BLUFF.

The head of the immense crowd arrived at the speaker's stand upon the bluff, while the end of the procession had yet some three miles to march. Those who felt so disposed, awaited to hear the speeches which were expected, but by far the greater number retired to their homes, feeling that words, no matter how eloquent, facts, no matter how elegantly clothed, or however potent, could wield the same force or produce the effect which the outpouring of the people must have had upon those in our midst who would keep us in subjection and deprive us of those rights which are, in all the civilized world, conceded to be inalienable. Thinking ourselves that on an occasion such as the one last night, speeches were out of place—were rather an affliction than otherwise, we omit any mention of them.

INCIDENTS.

The only lamentable incident connected with the turnout last evening was the malicious shooting of a member of the 9th Ward Club, as that body was marching to the rendevous. The shooting was without provocation, and was done by a black or white Radical standing on the sidewalk near the corner of Fifth and Mill streets. The wounded man was shot in the right side, but it is hoped the wound will not prove mortal.

THE MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE Road have issued a new time-table.

APPLES are still coming into the city by the cart load.

Dress Goods—Dress Goods—The latest styles and all qualities, just received at Howell, Wood & Co.'s, 332 Main Street. 2t

CHARLIE CREWS, who drives a wagon for Hume's steam bakery, lit into Mr. Schultz day before yesterday, and walloped him. *En revenche*, Mr. Schultz had Charles arrested and carried before 'Squire Norton, who continued the case till to-morrow.

DRY GOODS—Our stock of fancy and staple Dry Goods are being received every day—Howell, Wood & Co., 332 Main Street. 2t

BIVALVES.—Mazoretti, who keeps the well known restaurant on Union street, between Main and Front, has begun to receive his oysters. His first consignment came to hand yesterday, and were highly relished. Mazoretti is a good cook, a capital fellow, and knows all about oysters. He will continue to keep them on hand during the fall and winter season.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL FESTIVAL, which was postponed last week, will positively come off on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, next. We hope our friends will respond liberally to the calls upon them, and come forward and help the Church in educating its helpless little ones. See advertisement in another column.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER THEN? This is a question that many a man who shouldered a gun a few years agone, and marched to the battlefield, asked himself, as he thought upon the aged and infirm parent he was leaving behind him at home, to the tender mercies of a cold world, if he fell upon the field of battle. Many a salty tear it caused to trickle adown hardy, sunburned cheeks, that had known no tears for years before. If, however, we could have had, in those unfortunate times, an institution in our midst like the CAROLINA INSURANCE COMPANY, such fears and tears as then tortured the brave, would have been useless; for the departing hero could have gone to the agents, and, having taken out a life policy in that aged and infirm parent's name, gone forth to the battle with a strong arm and a manly heart, knowing that all he held dear was provided for. Peace hath its dangers—no less than victories—as well as war; and for these we should always be prepared. Messrs. Ferguson & Privett, No. 11 Madison street, issue all kinds of policies, and a visit to them will be the most beneficial thing you could do.

THE COURTS.

CRIMINAL COURT—*Wm. Hunter Judge.* Stands adjourned to Court in course, the second Monday in October next.

LAW COURT—*H. S. Lee, Judge.*—Meets on the second Monday in October next.

SHELBY CIRCUIT COURT—*George, W. Reeves, Judge.*—Meets on the fourth Monday in September, 1868.

MUNICIPAL COURT—*Geo. W. Waldran, Judge.*—Meets on Monday next, pursuant to adjournment. The cases set for trial on that day were published yesterday.

CHANCERY COURT—*Wm. M. Smith, Chancellor.*—Meets in special session on the second Monday in October next. The regular term of Court commences on the second Monday in November, 1868.

An injunction bill was filed in the case of N. Malatesta, J. F. Lucovini, Louis Lszaretto, Louis Brechitto, Joseph Boggianno, John Sturla, James Boggianno and H. Henstest vs. S. B. Beaumont, Channing Richards and A. P. Burditt, Police Commissioners, and J. L. Chandler, Tax Collector, restraining them from collecting a certain license tax not warranted by law. The injunction was served on the defendants.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.—Chancery Court decree vesting title in E. R. Winston, eighty-five acres on Hatchie river.

David H. Todd and wife to P. R. Bohlan, four and eighty-eight-hundred acres, lot E, Hill's division, $9000.

Anthony Raggio to S. Dowders, lots 3 and 8, Armour's division, $4000.

L. F. McNamara to W. F. Hardin, 50 by 54 feet, corner of Causey street and Brown's avenue, $3223 86.

J. J. and H. H. Windle to Jacob Beetle, one acre, part of lot 24, Weakley tract, $120.

D. B. Blair to Wm. C. Ellis, lots 29 and 30, block 9, Fort Pickering, $350.

Chas. Jones to Josephine Dickens, three and three-hundredths acres, lot 31, Jones' subdivision, $1666 50.

GEORGE M. GREELY, Register.
September 12, 1868.

CATO LITTLE, a little catiff of the mackerel persuasion, robbed Mrs. Winchester, of some small change. 'Squire Norton sent him up.

A Sense of Security.

A shudder of horror pervaded the crew,
The tempest so raged and the hurricane blew:
With a crash went the masts by a blast of the gale,
That swept away rudder, the rigging and sail,
When they screamed in alarm to Paddy below,
To send from the steerage, there was a terrible blow;
Stop your pother, cried Pat, up there on the deck,
I'll not stir from here at the risk of my neck;
Let her go to the bottom, I'll stop till she floats;
But you, you scared lubbers, may take to the boats.
While the whisky holds out there is nothing to fear
If she don't rise again till this time next year.
I'm entirely safe, my baggage secured,
The passage is paid, *and my life is insured!*

In the New York Life Insurance Company, of which Messrs. McCl

SUNDAY APPEAL.

DESOLATE.

BY E. R. CASTLEN.

Pitying Father! I am weary. Is there no rest for me,
With bands immortal, star-like bright, beyond the Jasper Sea?
My tottering limbs are bending 'neath this heavy load of care—
I'm helpless! hopeless! desolate! With yielding to despair.

I've waited duteous, oh! so long; now cease my murmurings mean,
And tear my soul, and yet I wait, oh God! and piteous groan;
Still sweltering at the forge of sin, I fashion coils and chains,
And cold they on, they rivet fast my soul to torturing pains.

Alone I walk earth's dreary waste, no flowers nor gems I view;
Naught, richly wrought, or fair, or bright, adorns with beauteous hue.
Yon surging wave's white, dancing foam
Seems heated bath,
Prepared for my poor quivering flesh, scathed in mighty wrath.

Few gentle words—balm of oil t' anoint my gaping wound—
The world makes in our breasts ointment, fragrant, bound;
To feel bruised by the cruel darts; friends, cold neglectful, give
But with'ring frowns, and little care how bitter 'tis to live.

Wearied, I long to leave the strife, and like some tired child,
Lie near cool, gushing waters, where the whitening blossoms wild,
Nurse in the breeze, send odors sweet to greet
Freed from the heated race of life—thus, Father, would I rest.

So weary, pitying Father! as I toss the cool, dark wave,
Oblivious, till my thirsty soul could feel that rest
Of the grave,
Where life's guests, driven by the blast to seek
Its deep, cold breast,
I'm helpless! hopeless! desolate! Oh, Father! give me rest!

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A QUIET LIFE.

BY CHARLES G. STERNE.

I.

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

II.

A little lad with dark-brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair;
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

III.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

IV.

A little family gathering round:
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his toil;
A little rest from hardest toil.

V.

A little silver in his hair;
A little stool and easy chair;
A little night of faith-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

LYTTON AND DI'SRAELI.

Anecdote Descriptive of Their First Meeting.

In the admirable paper on D'Israeli, in the August number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, we find the following interesting anecdote:

When Mr. D'Israeli launched his first tale and found it a success, Lord Lytton, then Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, had achieved the proud place as a novelist which he has ever since retained. The aspirant for literary distinction had long admired, at a distance, the renown of his senior, and, encouraged by the reception which his own maiden effort had received, he did what young authors under similar circumstances are apt to do. He sent to Mr. Bulwer a copy of *Vivian Grey*, writing, at the same time, an apologetic note, and giving reasons for the liberty he had taken. The letter, with its accompanying gift, were at once acknowledged, and Mr. D'Israeli was requested, to name a day for dining with their recipient. It happened that Mr. D'Israeli had arranged for quitting England, onthe day but one after receiving this invitation. He wrote to say so, and the morrow was fixed for the symposium. Four gentlemen sat down at Mr. Bulwer's table on that occasion—one being, of course, the host; another, Mr. D'Israeli; the third, a man, shy, but evidently intelligent, for though he said comparatively little, his remarks, as often as he hazarded them, were keenly to the purpose. The fourth, a friend of the host, need not be specified. It was an evening not to be forgotten, because, then, as now, both Lord Lytton and D'Israeli shone in conversation. The party broke up about midnight, and the host and his friend were left alone together. After discussing D'Israeli, the question was put, "Who is your silent guest?" "He is one of the ablest men I know," was the reply. "He was my contemporary at college. He is now a barrister; and, mark my words, he will attain the highest honors of his profession. His name is Cockburn." The climax to this little bit of domestic history or gossip is very remarkable. The two brilliant novelists and the painstaking lawyer who dined together some forty or more years ago comparatively obscure men, have all risen to positions of eminence in the State. Mr. Cockburn is Lord Chief-Justice of England; Mr. Bulwer, after serving as Secretary of State for the Colonies, has become a peer of the realm; and Mr. D'Israeli, on more than one previous occasion Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, is now First Lord of the Treasury.

We cannot allow this anecdote to pass without observing that Lord Lytton, like Sir Walter Scott, has always been forward to notice and encourage rising merit, and that more than one author who might have otherwise lived and died unknown, is indebted to him for his first decided start and subsequent success in life.

Definitions of Bible Terms.

A day's journey was 33 and 1-5 miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet, nearly.

A cubit is 22 inches, nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighth inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8 00.

A talent of silver was $516 32,

A talent of gold was $13,800.

A piece of silver or penny was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A gerah was one cent.

A mite was one and a half cents.

A homer contains seventy-five gallons and five pints.

A nepha or bath contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

A dog was one pint.

News from Ohio continues highly favorable. A gentleman writing from Mr. Vallandigham's district says: "The prospects for peace are extremely fine everywhere. I have every confidence in the result." Mr. Vallandigham's district has been largely Republican, but it seems it will continue so no longer. We think Mr. Schenck's services will be *required at home*, and that his people cannot consent to continue him in Congress another session.

CHINA.

Interesting Resume of Habits and Customs of the People of the Celestial Empire.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

The Empire of China is steadily opening itself to mankind. The progress in this direction in the last quarter of a century, and especially during the last five years, has been unprecedentedly rapid. Not only by commercial relations and treaties, but also by outward emigration China is evincing her growing desire to mingle with the rest of the world on the same footing as the great European and American nations. Already a large and thriving element of our own population on the Pacific coast is made up of the natives of China.

The Chinese are, to a marked degree, an industrious and economical race. Their colossal empire is crowded with the artisans of almost every trade. One of their great industries is the manufacture of porcelain, which is carried on chiefly in the province of Kiang-si. The single city of Kiantchang contains more than a million of inhabitants, nearly all of whom are employed in the manufacture of china. The bustle and activity that reign throughout this enormous hive of human industry are almost indescribable. All day long clouds of smoke and columns of flame ascend from its multitudinous chimneys, and atnight the whole city appears like an immense conflagration. Here are manufactured, in countless variety, all those wares of fine porcelain, to which the Chinese empire has given the name, by which they are known throughout the world. From the great urns of China-ware, covered all over with richly colored reliefs, representing scenes of Chinese life, down to the tiny and fragile cups and saucers, so thin and delicate that they are known as egg-shell china, all kinds of porcelain ware are here turned out by more than five hundred separate factories, and thousands of furnaces. The division of labor is carried to an extent almost infinitessimal. Every workman has his special department; one paints a certain flower, another a bird; one plies a brush with the red color, another with the blue. A single china vase has to pass through the hands of more than fifty different workmen. The beauty and perfection achieved by the Chinese in this art were long the envy and despair of Europeans. It dates back many centuries, and specimens of beautiful china are still preserved that are older than the Christian era.

The art of pisciculture, or rearing of fish by artificial means, has long been known in China, although a wholly new thing among the western nations. For a few sapecks you may buy a bowlful of mud filled with spawn, large enough to sow a large pond with fish. In a few days, the young come forth, and are fed with tender vegetables chopped up and thrown into the water; the growth of these fish is prodigiously rapid; in three to four weeks they are large enough for the table.

Traveling in the Chinese Empire, although destitute of those swift conveyances which the invention of the past fifty years has contributed, is carried on in a peculiarly agreeable manner. The whole southern portion of the Empire is so intersected by rivers and canals, that it is easy to go to any point in boats or junks. These handsome boats, furnished with all the luxuries of Chinese civilization, are ready for hire wherever you go. Instead of being expressed through like a bale of goods, at railroad speed, so that you can see nothing, or next to nothing, of the route, you glide gently from city to city, with abundant room to move about, to write or read, or view the scenery, making of traveling a pleasure and a luxury, instead of a penance. Several great cities are built in the water, like Venice, having magnificent canals in place of streets. In Northern China the traveling is far more fatiguing. From the absence of water facilities, it is carried on in palanquins, or in coaches, or on horseback. The roads are terribly rough, and the luxury of springs is unknown.

The Chinese hotels are only tolerable in the largest towns and cities. In the country they are extremely wretched, though they generally bear inscriptions in large letters on their doors, promising the traveler peace, comfort, generosity, and all kinds of good cheer. When you get into the interior, however, you quickly discover that you are to be both cheated and starved. China is not the only country in which the promise of hotel keepers is not borne out by their performance. Chinese travelers, instructed by experience, have a way of carrying with them a little bag of tea, suspended to the girdle, and a kind of bun, made of boiled wheat or rice. But the poorer classes, when they travel, swallow a vast quantity of rice each morning, and fast the rest of the day, having most accomodating stomachs, that support hunger and thirst with perfect ease, but distend themselves to take in an enormous quantity of provisions when feeding time comes round.

The little feet of Chinese women are a traditional fashion of a most despotic kind, and dating from very remote antiquity. The admiration for small feet fairly amounts to a fanaticism; and Chinese mothers never fail when a daughter is born to them, to compress the feet in the tightest of bandages for years, until the check to growth is placed beyond the reach of accident. It results that all Chinese women are lame, and their step is a kind of hop, as if walking upon stilts. The custom is undoubtedly a most barbarous and absurd one, to say nothing of its utter uselessness; and it would be equally difficult to defend the parallel custom of many Europeans of compressing the waist by artificial means; a practice even more barbarous and unwholesome, and which, like the Chinese one of small feet, has nothing under heaven but blind fashion to support it.

The newspaper press in China is an established institution in most of the large cities, and each province has what is known as an official gazette. The *Official Gazette*, of Pekin, is among the organs of Government. In it are printed all laws and ordinances, a sketch of public affairs, the principal events of the day, petitions addressed to the Emperor and his answers to them, important judicial proceedings, condemnations and pardons granted by the Emperor, etc. The Pekin *Gazette* is published daily, in the form of a pamphlet, and contains sixty or seventy pages to each number. Yet its subscription price is only two dollars and a half a year; and all printed matter of whatever kind, is sold at similar incredibly low prices in this extraordinary empire. The official newspapers of the provinces reproduce the principal articles and all the public documents from the Pekin *Gazette*.

The Chinese are passionately addicted to theatrical performances. Rich and poor, mandarins and people, without exception, doat upon the drama in every style. There is hardly any village so small as to be destitute of a theater, and this is usually placed opposite the pagoda, and sometimes even forms a part of it, thus linking the church and the theater indissolubly together. The Chinese drama is amazingly prolific, though both plots and the scenery are extremely simple. The actors are mostly mere servants, not attached to any company, but of the itinerent class, going wherever wanted, and traveling with their great bags of costumes, like troops of gipsies, on all the rivers of China. They are generally hired by the mandarins, or rich men, for a certain number of days, or are engaged by associations in the towns and villages. The lower classes are always admitted to the theaters free, and some theater or other is always open at all hours of the day and night in the great cities. Women are forbidden to appear on the stage, their parts being played by young men, who imitate the feminine voice and dress. Applause and hissing are alike unknown.

Suicide is even more commhn in China than it has lately come to be in this country. The extreme readiness with which Chinamen take their own lives is remarkable. A word or mere trifle causes some of them to hang themselves or to jump to the bottom of a well. The custom of taking vengeance upon an enemy by killing, not him, but one's self, seems to be common to the Chinese and with the inhabitants of Japan. The chief reasons for this are that Chinese law makes responsibility for a suicide fall upon the cause or occasion of it, and the family of the suicide also procures, in such cases, heavy damages. Whereas, if a man kills his enemy, and not himself, he is punished and disgraced by the loss of funeral honors, which is a point concerning which Chinese sensitiveness is something wonderful. Suicide is not only respectable, but public opinion, so far from condemning it, counts it a high honor and glory.

The physical character of the Chinese is far superior to that of the surrounding nations of Asia. The freedom of their dress, especially of the men, gives the best possible development to the limbs, and no nation furnishes a finer shaped or more powerful race of people. The low average temperature of the Empire, its thorough cultivation and drainage, and the active, indrstrious habits of a majority of the people, account, in a great measure, for this. Europeans and Americans have all acquired a false and distorted idea of the Chinese *physique* from the figures represented on those specimens of manufacture imported from China. These are commonly in a style of broad caracature, and no more to be trusted, as conveying a true idea of the Chinaman, than the drawings of CRUIKSHANK, or the pictures in *Punch*, could be trusted by a Chinese as photographs of actual Englishmen. The character of levity and farce associated with them is entirely erroneous. They are among the most steady, considerate and matter-of-fact people in the world.

Polygamy is not sanctioned by Chinese law, though concubinage is permitted. A Chinese can have but one wife, properly so called, and she is distinguished by a title, espoused with ceremonies, and chosen from a totally different rank in life from the *Tsie*, or handmaids, of whom he may have as many or as few as he pleases. The offspring of these last rank after the children of the wife; the handmaid, or concubine instead of being espoused, is bought with the husband's money, and treated like any other domestic. The Chinese wife and the Chinese handmaid stand in precisely the same relation to each other as the SARAH and HAGAR of the Old Testament, in the household of the patriarch ABRAHAM.

The religion of the better class of Chinese is a well-bred indifferentism. The rival doctrines of the various sects which once enlisted zealous partisanship have long since lost all authority, and the ceremonies of religion, though still kept up with a parade of *bonzes* (priests) and pagodas, have a hollow and unreal aspect, significant of their very slender hold upon the national mind. Religious discussions have entirely ceased, and the constantly-repeated formula that have taken the place of them is this: "All the religions are but one." The learned class have a profound admiration for the classical books and moral precepts of CONFUCIUS, the great Chinese philosopher and saint, whose ethical maxims are in every body's mouth. Nothing more clearly marks the universal skepticism as to doctrinal creeds than the formula of politeness exchanged between strangers on first meeting. It is customary to ask, "To what sublime religion do you belong?" One will call himself a Confucionist, another a Buddhist, a third a Mohametan; and they all end in repeating, as if in chorus, "Religions are many—reason is one; we are all brothers." There is no established religion, and the government, the learned classes and the men of affairs alike regard all religious as things futile and without interest.

THE GRECIAN BEND AND DISEASE.

Every phyiologist is hourly pained by the exhibitions of vanity of which a large mass of females are perpetrators. To obtain what is called "the Grecian bend," they are torturing nature to such a degree, that thousands of them will become the victims of disease. Tight lacing drives the vitals from their natural position, displaces some of the most important parts of the organism, and renders those who suffer unfit for the most ordinary duties of life. It is a crime to injure, by any artificial appliance, the beautiful mechanism of nature, and the invariable result of so doing is deformity, which the eye of taste cannot endure. The young lady who thinks she can improve her form by constraining it within boundaries less than those which nature demands for its service is not only thoughtless, but she is criminal. She will find in a few years, or perhaps months, that she has with her Grecian bend, a disease that never can be wholly eradicated; and those who go to extremes in the absurd fashion of the day will assuredly find themselves sufferers from a complication of disorders. The wise young ladies of this metropolis, we trust, will not be misled by the cruel inventions of *modistes* to adopt any fashion which restrains the natural movements of the vital organs, or other parts of the admirable organism which is the gift of the Deity, and cannot be too sacredly respected.

A tombstone in a village cemetery in the interior of Pennsylvania is adornd by a piece of sculpture which brings in relief a colt, a boy and a tree. The colt is represented as kicking the boy in the stomach, and the epitaph is in this wise:

"Sacred to the memory of Henry Harris, born June 27, 1821, of Henry Harris and Jane his wife. Died on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt in his bowels, peacefully and quiet a friend to his father and mother and respected by all who knew him and went to that world where horses can't kick, and where sorrow and weeping is no more."

Over one thousand Coolies were landed at Havana last month.

There is a firm in Syracuse by the name of Settle & Burst.

NAVAL HEROES.

Adventures of Illustrious Sailors.

From Once a Week.

The daring and adventurous spirit of our race has been well exemplified in every age by our seamen. Again and again have they penetrated the awful icy solitudes of the Arctic regions—realms where no living creature is to be seen, save rare tenants of the deep. Ice everywhere, and no life. Calm, profound, oppressive, awful! Summer has gone, with its never-setting sun—the red orb rolling for six months in ceaseless course, like a slow-moving red-hot cannon-ball, round the horizon; illuminating the wide wastes of ice and snow which sparkle with colors not their own, beneath the sun-rays which they analyze. Winter has come with its perpetual twilight. Never a sunrise to mark the return of day; only a little less darkness. And the cold, intense, frightful, piercing through the thickest fir-skins which nature creates, and the warmest flannels which Rochdale can manufacture. The ship is frozen in, and covered up, as if its tenants had converted it into a tent. Again the summer; again a broad gleam of ice-besprinkled waters; again some miles of movement, onward or backward; again expeditions over the ice on sledges; again the ever-rolling sun;—and once more Winter. So have a dozen and more of English ships penetrated into that lifeless land—some to return, but others to be crushed between the closing masses of ice—others abandoned in the solid unopened ice-fields, which even the six months' sun could not melt; the crews seeking to make their way back, and some of them perishing like brave FRANKLIN and his men, ere they could reach the settlements of the Esquimaux, or of the roving Indian tribes of the main-land.

And now SHERARD OSBORN, that gallant sailor, is dying himself, and is stirring up others, for a new and still grander enterprise in those barren Polar regions. Hitherto, the main object of all our searches in the Arctic regions has been to find a northwest passage—to ascertain if any sea-route extended from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Strait. And we have found it at last; but only to know that it can never be sailed by ship—that it is never sufficiently open to allow a vessel, with all the help of steam, to make its way around the northern coast of the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was a bootless search, no doubt, for any purpose save that of solving a geographical mystery. It was a search handed down to us from the long by-gone time when we sought a western route to the golden realms of Ind through regions not appropriated by the Catholic Majesties of Spain and Portugal, whose subjects were then the grand discoverers of the world. Now-a-days all that has passed. Discoverers no longer go forth to find and claim new empires for their sovereigns; but with the pure and simple object of unveiling the face of the earth, and of finding answers in the region of the uninhabitable to questions of science which are unanswerable in the portions of the globe habitable by man. It is Science, not Conquest, which inspires discovery and profits by its triumphs. And so, leaving the Northwest passage as the property of the dead FRANKLIN, and of those who vainly went to his rescue, SHERARD OSBORN longs to sail for the Pole itself—to stand upon the deck, with the keel of his ship right above the Pole; the most mysterious, as well as unapproachable point of the globe; the magnetic wonder; the point furthest from the Equator; *the* North—where the bright auroras have their birth—whence they spring as from a magnetic fountain, and rising high into the zenith, are seen from afar in flickering streams by us dwellers in the temperate zone. Such is the goal of SHERARD OSBORN'S ambition. He will not rest until he has planted his foot upon the mysterious Polar spot, where the restless magnetic needle at length ceases to move, and brought back with him an answer to the queries with which our scientific bodies will intrust him. Is it land or sea that covers the apex of our globe? And how do the northern lights look when viewed by one who stands beneath them, on the spot from whence they rise? Do they spring direct from earth, or are they generated, developed only in the upper sky? And how grand to see the sun never setting! To see it roll round and round the Pole—sight never witnessed by mortal man—sight the strangest which man can witness, and which will make immortal the name of the hardy explorer who first beholds it.

SHERARD OSBORN longs to sail thither. Well, it is about the only mysterious spot on earth in the search for which this wild, noble spirit of adventure can now exercise itself. Human nature will have its aspirations after the unknown; heroic life will risk or sacrifice itself in the romance of discovery, whether its object be a new world, or an Utopia. COLUMBUS sailed in search of the fabled Atlantis amid the seas of the West; and after he made his grand discovery, in all his subsequent voyages he dreamt that Paradise, the long-lost Eden, still lay in its beauty somewhere on the uplands of the new world which he had found. VASCO DI GAMA aspired to unveil the shape and round the southern extremity of the African Continent, successfully braving the stormy Spirit of the Cape. The daring MAGELLAN did the same for Southern America; and passing through the rock portals of the strait which now bears his name, he and his three ships entered the wide, unruffled, solitary expanse of the Pacific.

"They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea—"

sailing for three months and a half over its calm depths without ever sighting land; and at length perishing, in the hour of their completed triumph, by the hands of savages, a victim to their too reckless daring. Thrice did our own COOK circumnavigate the globe, discovering the isles innumerable of the Pacific, to perish at last like MAGELLAN on the sea-beach of one of the Sandwich Islands.

And what of the gallant Raleigh, and the other searchers after Eldorado—the golden region which was believed to lie in the interior of the New World, somewhere between the rivers Orinoco and Amazons—with its rock so impregnated with the precious ore, that they shone in the sunshine with a dazzling splendor; and its capital, Manao, whose houses were roofed with plated gold, and which stood upon a lake called Parima, whose sands were auriferious? All the sufferings of those ardent adventurers—some in search of riches, others with the higher, but still vainer, dream of Eden in their hearts—hardly convinced them that Eldorado was but a fiction of their heated imagination; and many a gallant heart, worthy of a better fate, then fell a victim to its high-wrought fancies amid the wilds of Guiana—

"All o'erspent with toil and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain."

Still the passion for adventure lives, bravely, beautifully, madly as ever. Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, take their lives in their hand, and penetrate the hot fever-haunted plains of Africa for the sake of unveiling the sources of the Nile; and are rewarded by seeing the gleaming waters of three great lakes—Tanganyika, the Victoria, and the Albert—rolling their waves beneath them, and spreading away in the blue distance far beyond what eye can reach; or by viewing the mighty Nile, as it leaps down the Napoleon Falls, and commences its journey to the valley-land of Egypt, which itself has made, and which it yearly irrigates with its fertilizing waters. Livingstone, the greatest of African explorers,—an humble-born, high-souled, hard-headed Scotchman,—tired with the inaction and restlessness of common missionary life, crosses intertropical Africa from sea to sea, discovering in succession Lakes Ngami, Shirwa and Nyassa, the great Zambesi River with its Victoria Falls, far exceeding in magnitude, though perhaps not in effect, the Falls of Niagara; not forgetting the Bakota land, "where," as the natives say, "there is no hunger!" A blessed land, truly, where the soil, is so rich and the climate so benign, that even without aid from the chase—without pursuing the herds of elands and springbok that frequent the plains, or the countless hippopotami who wallow in the river, (and whose flesh is as the flesh of pork to eat) the soil itself yields to the unskilled and light-sitting labor of the natives an abundancy of food. Is not that a land where civilization should one day arise and blossom into new shapes?—a land where, all the necessaries of life being abundantly supplied to all, the daily bread being ever made sure, the higher part of human nature may develop itself without obstruction, giving reins to thought, imagination, art, unfettered by that reflection which so often stays the hand of genius when about to engage in some royal work—some masterpiece—that ugly chilling whisper—"Meanwhile, how can I live?" David Livingstone's name will stand forever in the front rank of the heroes of discovery. "Some people," said Livingstone, "may bring against me the charge of enthusiasm. I only wish I deserved it; for nothing good or great has ever been accomplished without it."

And now Sherard Osborn wants to sail for the Pole. He has been among the ice-fields before; he makes light of their dangers, and longs to return to them on a still grander mission. Science says that there are two points of greatest cold, one to the west, the other to the east of the Pole—the former about Melville Island, the latter to the north of Siberia—and between them lies regions of lesser cold. "Only eleven degrees of cold at the Pole." How attractive! True, such a degree of cold would be described as almost uncomfortable if it were to befall us even for a day in comfortable London. But it is luxury to men like Osborn or McLintock, who have wintered amid the perennial ice of Melville Island. Only eleven degrees of cold! Why, what stretches of unfrozen sea there must be in summer—long reaches of open water running deep into the ice-continent, and leading up to the Pole itself. Nay, is there not the vision of a Polar Sea to lure on bold adventurers in their search?—a wide basin of sea girdled all round by ice, but ever free and in motion, with its waves breaking into white crests as they roll over the blue expanse, disporting themselves above the very acme of our globe? That Polar Sea rises before the mental sight of our Arctic explorers as Eldorado did in the imagination of Raleigh and the adventurers of the sixteenth century; or as the dimly remembered Italian palace, with its gleaming marble pillars, rose up before the yearning heart of Goethe's Mignon. "Let us go to it," says Sherard Osborn. What is life without adventure? What would England be without that daring spirit? Will not our navy, the right arm of the national strength in war, grow weak and palsied if we do not find scope for the adventurous spirit of both men and officers?

TREASURY PRINTING.

THE Engraving and Printing Bureau of the Treasury, according to official returns, recently employed over six hundred hands, about half of them females. Its expenses for the calendar year ending December 30, 1867, were for the pay of employees, $600,023 94; for materials, paper, ink, chemicals, freight, fuel, light, etc., $260,085 84, making a total of $860,109 78. It manufactured during this period of ten-forty bonds, coupon and registered, $27,450,000; of five-twenties, $723,069,800; Pacific Railroad bonds, $38,000,000; gold notes, $240,000,000; three per cent. certificates, $160,000,000; fractional currency, $23,330,651—making a total of $1,211,850,451. Of internal revenue beer stamps, $20,265,000; of cigar stamps, $7,780,000. It also finished—that is sealed, numbered, trimmed and separated—legal tenders and national bank notes, printed in New York to $40,938,250 worth. The Bureau also prints the circular blanks, etc., for the Treasury and its Bureaus, and the confidential printing of the Executive and State Departments. It also makes and prints the envelopes used by the Treasury Department, manufactures the paper used therefor as well as that used for circulars and bank note work, and rules and binds blank books for the department from paper made and printed in the bureau, and performs various other services for the different bureaus, and makes and repairs its own engines and machinery. The work done by the bureau during this period, if done elsewhere, and paid for at current market rates, would, it is said, cost about two million of dollars. The bureau is now engaged in manufacturing bonds for issue under the act of March 5, 1865, in making fractional currency, the average quantity of which is over a half million of notes daily; in printing cigar and beer stamps and the various drafts and certificates required in the office of the Treasurer of the United States; in printing circulars and blanks; making blank books, envelopes, etc., for the Treasurer's stationer; in engraving and re-entering plates, etc., and in sealing and finishing the legal tender and national bank notes printed in New York.

What Should a Farmer Be?

The *Scientific American* asks the question: "Should a Farmer be more than a Farmer?" and answers it thus:

We think he should. He should be a mechanic as well; should know something more than

To plow and to sow,
To reap and to mow.

He needs ability to repair his tools; to understand how to keep his implements in good condition without being entirely dependent on the blacksmith or machinist; to be able to do carpentering work, to patch and mend harness, to mend his tinware, and do many other jobs which the denizens of towns and cities find it more convenient to turn over to those who make these repairs a speciality.

Love receives its death-wound from disgust, and is buried by oblivion.

SCIENTIFIC DARING.

The Perils of Balloon Ascension and Aeriel Observation.

From Once a Week.

One dull day in autumn, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Gleet Hills, on the western edge of the great central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gasses which chemical skill could produce; it arose with amazing velocity. A mile up and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the airship; the sky overhead was the clearest and deepest blue; and below lay cloud land—an immeasurable expanse of cloud, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth, now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep, dark ravines appeared below; the peaks and sides of those cloud mountains next the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above the earth! A pigeon was let loose; it dropped through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a bark laden to the deck was to pass from the heavy waters of the open sea into an inland unsaline lake; the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! The prism, when opposed to the sun, showed marvelously clear; lines appeared which are invisible in the denser atmosphere on the earth's surface; but as the car swung round in its gyrating upward flight the moment the direct rays of the sun passed off the prism, there was no spectum at all. The air was so pure, so free from comparatively solid aqueous matter, that there was no reflected light; the air was too thin to retain or rfleet any portion of the rays which fell upon it. And what a silence profound! The heights of sky were still as the deepest depth of ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as unstirred from year to year as the dust imperceptibly gathers on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound, no life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above the earth—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dewangiri. Despite the sunshine, every thing freezes. The air grows too thin to support life even for a few minutes. Two men only are in the adventurous balloon—the one steering the air shipt, he other watching the scientific instrument and recording the changes with a rapidity bred of long practice. Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instrument his sight grows dim, he takes a lens to help his sight, and can only mark, from the falling barometer, that they are still rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call his comrade, who has gone into the ring above; a whisper in that deep stillness would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. His head drops on his shoulder; with an effort he raises it—it falls on the other shoulder; once more, with a resolute effort, he raises it—it falls backward. For a moment he sees dimly the figure of his comrade in the ring above; then sensation fails him—and he lies back unconscious. Some minutes pass—the balloon rising upward. Seven miles from the earth! The steersman comes down into the car; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him. He saw at once that life or death hung upon a few moments. The balloon was still rising rapidly; it must be made to descend at once or they were both dead men. He seized or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it and let out a portion of the inflating gas. His hands were purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed, they will not respond to his will. It was a fearful moment. In another minute in their upward flight he would be as sensless as his comrade. But he was a bold, self-possessed man, trained in a hundred balloon ascents and ready for every emergency. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman heard a voice calling him. "Come take an observation—try!" He heard as in a dream, but could neither see nor move. Again he heard, in firmer and commanding tones, "Take an observation—now do try." He returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman stand before him. He looked at his instruments; they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. The æronauts were revived. They had been much higher than mortal man, or any living thing had been before. But now they are safe.

Such are the perils which science demands of her votaries and which they encounter bravely and cheerfully. Such was the memroable balloon ascent of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, from Wolverhampton, on the 5th of September, 1862. A madness, thousands will say, a perilous absurdity, a tempting of Providence, a risking of life for no adequate purpose. One minute more of inaction on the part of the man whose senses were failing him, and the air ship, with intensely rarified gas, would have floated untended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space. What would have become of them? How far it would have ascended with its lifeless freight how long it would have floated all unseen in the empyrean, who shall say?

Lookout Mountain Crumbling to Pieces.

Says the Nashville *Press and Times*, of August 28:

We received intelligence last night from a gentleman running on the Chattanooga Railroad, that an immense segment of Lookout Mountain was detached from near the top and rolled down towards the Tennessee with terrific noise. He assures us that one solid piece alone must have weighed five hundred tons. It is thought that some internal forces are at work disintegrating the mountain. The people in the neighborhood are apprehensive of some impending disaster, and are all flocking into Chattanooga.

—THE question is often asked, where do sea birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them with water, hovering round and under a storm cloud, chattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles, or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they can go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.

FINEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

Dorchester House, situated in Park Lane, London, is one of the most beautiful, internally, in the English metropolis. The owner, Mr. Halford, the *Court Journal* tells us, has made it a special study for many years to make Dorchester House vie in substantial splendor, and interior beauty, with any residence in London. In this, many think, Mr. Halford has succeeded, but our readers may judge for themselves from the following description: Externally the building is a well-known architectural feature of the locality, and attracts attention by its grandeur and withal elegant simplicity. It is in style Italian of the fifteenth century, from designs by Vulliamy. On the north and west sides of the house are terraces, with stone balustrades, etc., laid out to harmonize with the architectural style of the building. Internally the unostentatious character is also preserved. The entrance hall is plain and massive, and has four solid pillars, supporting an arched and groined roof. This opens into the staircase hall, which is one of the great internal attractions of the house. The steps, landings and balustrades are of solid white Italian marble; the balusters are of colored alabaster, and the walls are lined with Spanish, Flemish, and Italian marbles of various colors. The columns and pilasters, amounting to more than ninety, are of single pieces of Italian (Ravacioni) marble, with Parian capitals. On the ground story the columns are of polished Aberdeen granite. The arches and cornice over the upper columns are of solid Italian marble. The lower floor of the staircase hall is formed of inlaid marble in patterns. Off the vestibule, at the stairs, there is a recessed room, the walls and ceilings of which are ornamented with painted decorations, in imitation of the Pompeian rooms. The splendid suite of reception rooms are, as usual, on the first floor. They are finished and decorated in a style of chaste magnificence; the ceilings are painted by Italian and English artists, and these, together with cornices, architraves and mouldings are in part gilt. There are three drawing-rooms, the walls of which are hung with silk damask; the first have red, the second green, and the third, crimson. The floors of these are in parqueterie, and formed of inlaid woods. The decorations of the dining hall are not yet completed, but it promises to be the largest and most beautiful saloon of the kind in the kingdom.

BARBEROUS OPERATION.

A Chinese shave and shampoon is thus described by a correspondent: "The operator took a razor, and strapping it upon his leg, began to cut the beard from my face without having lathered it. Upon my suggestion that a little lather would prove beneficial, he replied that it was entirely useless, and had a tendency to make the hair stiff and tough, and was therefore never used by persons who had any knowledge of the human face divine and its appendages. I, per force, acquiesced in the opinion expressed, but would rather be shaved twice with soap than once without. After the beard had been taken off, and it was done in a very short time, the barber took a long, sharp, needle-shaped spoon, and began to pierce my ears. He explored every avenue, and brought up, from numerous little crevices, bits of wax and dirt which had been accumulating there since my childhood, for I never submitted to such an operation before. Having become satisfied with picking about my ears, the barber suddenly twisted my neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked, as if the vertebræ had been dislocated. 'Hold on!' I shouted, alarmed for the safety of my neck. 'All right,' replied the tonsor, 'me no hurt you,' and he continued to jerk and twist my neck until it was as limber as an old woman's dish-rag. He then fell to beating my back, breast, arms and sides with his fist, and pummelled my muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they had received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over me, and having dried my skin with towels, declared that his work was done. I dressed myself, and having paid my two cents, walked away, feeling like a new man. The sensation of soreness was gone, and one of elasticity remained. I really never felt better in my life, and must say that half an hour under the hands of a Chinese barber would be far better than a glass of soda after a night's debauch."

THE VELOCIPEDE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The "velocipede," which is now attracting attention, and of which an exhibition is to be given on Boston Common, is simply a new name for the same kind of invention which was in quite general use some fifty years back. It was then called a "dandy horse" in England, probably from their use being mostly confined to the dandies of the period. At that time the fashionable men might have been seen on any of the popular drives, propelling along, with their coattails at an angle of 45 degrees, to the infinite satisfaction of themselves and the envy of the non-possessors of the coveted establishment. The vehicle of that period was constructed like those lately introduced, excepting that it lacked the pin on the front wheel by which it could be kept going when once fairly started. It was propelled by the feet upon the ground, and after a good speed had been attained the feet were temporarily rested upon a small projection at each end of the front axle until the horse required further propulsion. The dandy horse, however, died out of use about the year 1820, in some measure owing to several serious accidents through their use, chiefly ruptures, which the springless nature of the rider's seat was very apt to produce. But they were in high feather once, and Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, and other notables of the period, patronized them extensively in St. James Park, taking their "constitutional" on the dandy horse after a hard night spent in the House of Commons or around the gaming table.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Advantages of California.

An enticing view is given in the *Overland Magazine* of the advantages of California as a farming country:

Every place has grapes. These pay, if you can make and hold your wine, and they have a sure future not far off. Mulberry trees grow like weeds. There are five millions now growing. You can feed them one year old. In two years these will feed silk-worms. Any quantity of reeled silk is salable. All your family can work at this, and two crops of cocoons are certain. There is no such country for silk, in quantity and quality. Flax, castor-beans, hops, tobacco and many such things might be mentioned.

Main Strength.

Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said to the player: "My good friend, do you play by note?" "The devil a note sir!" "Do you play by ear, then?" "Never an ear, yur honor." "How do you play, then?" "By main strength, be jabers."

ALPINE HOTELS.

Modern and "Old-time" Comforts Contrasted.

From the Pall Mall (England) Gazette.

"Twenty and even ten years ago it was difficult to find in Switzerland any comfortable place of residence five or six thousand feet high; but now such places may be counted almost in dozens. Formerly ladies, and even men occasionally, would boast of having slept in a hospice; and places of that sort, where there was no

SUNDAY APPEAL.

Office---No. 13 Jefferson Street.

Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART
New Orleans Express, daily, Sundays excepted	3:00 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
Freight, (North Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; South, Monday, Wednesday and Friday)	4:15 p.m.	7:00 a.m.

Takes effect Sunday, August 16, 1868.

A. S. LIVERMORE, Gen'l Sup't,
C. P. OAKLEY Gen. Ticket Ag't. au16

Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Through Mail (daily)	8:30 p.m.	12:40 p m
Through Express	10:40 p.m.	11:30 p.m

(This train does not leave Saturdays.)

Corinth Accommodation, daily, (except Sundays) at 6:00 a.m

Somerville Accommodation daily (except Sunday) at 8:25 a.m. 5:10 p.m

Railroad Time is 20 minutes faster than city time.

Ticket office, 278 Main street and at Depot.

W. J. ROSS, Gen'l Sup't.

Memphis and Louisville Railroad Line.

	DEPART.	ARRIVE
Day Express	6:40 a.m.	3:40 p.m
Night Express	6:40 p.m.	9:15 a.m

(City Time.)

Ticket offices No. 257½ Main street and at Depot, head of Main street.

SAM. B. JONES, Gen'l Sup't.

CITY MATTERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Hereafter individual bills of any Employee of this paper will not be allowed as an offset against accounts due us. And no bill will be paid unless contracted by our authority.

AINSLIE, KEATING & CO.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS

Are requested to report any irregularity in the delivery of the APPEAL at the Counting-room. Carriers will be supplied with certificates authorizing them to collect weekly.

ED. J. MANSFORD,
Supt. Circulation.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES TO-DAY.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Adams street, corner of Third, Very Rev. J. A. Kelly, O. S. D., Pastor; Revs. J. H. Lynch, D. A. O'Brien and M. B. Fortune, O. S. D., Assistant Pastors. Mass on Sundays at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a.m. High Mass and Sermon, 10½ a.m. Sunday School and Catechism, 2½ p.m. Vespers and Lecture, 8 p.m. Pastoral residence, 81 Adams street.

GRACE CHURCH—Hernando street, near Vance—Rev. Dr. Brooke, Rector. Services at 10 a.m. and 8 p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m. Mission School No. 1 on Shelby street at 4½ p.m. Mission School No. 2 corner Cley and D Soto streets, 3 p.m.

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH—Union street. Sunday School at 9 a.m. Preaching at 10½ a.m. by Rev. W. M. Patterson, Pastor.

ASBURY CHAPEL—Corner of Linden and Hernando—Rev. F. S. Petway, Pastor. Services at 10½ a.m. Rev. Dr. Winfield, of the Little Rock Conference, will preach at 8 p.m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. D. E. Burns, at 11 o'clock a.m. and 7½ o'clock p.m. Bible Classes and Sabbath School at 9 a.m.

Rev. J. W. ROGERS takes charge of Forest Hill Institute and will preach every Sunday to a new congregation in Memphis, which proposes building a Church on Shelby street, at 10½ o'clock.

ST. LAZARUS CHURCH—J. T. Wheat, D. D. Rector—Madison street. Services at 10½ a.m. and 8 p.m. Sunday school at 9 a.m. Daily services 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.

MISSION CHAPEL—Corner Jones avenue and Alabama street—J. O. Steadman, D. D., Pastor. Services at 10½ a.m.

THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner Sixth and Chelsea streets—Rev. W. A. Sample. Service at 10½ a.m.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL—Poplar street, east of Adams, Richard Hines, D. D., Dean—Daily services at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. Holy Communion celebrated on all Festivals and Saints' Days, and every Sunday morning at 6 o'clock, except on the first Sunday in the month, when the celebration takes place at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 9:30 a.m.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, (TABERNACLE), Court street, between Second and Third, Rev. S. H. Ford, LL. D., pastor. Services, Sunday at 10½ o'clock a.m. and 8 p.m., and Thursday at 8 o'clock p.m. Young Men's Prayer Meeting, Monday at 8 o'clock p.m. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock a.m. MARCUS COOPER, Sup't

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—The Rev. A. H. Kerr, D D, will preach at the Second Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Main and Beale streets, this morning at 10½ o'clock.

REV. F. H. BOWMAN will preach in the First Presbyterian Church, corner of Poplar and Third streets, this (Sabbath) morning at 10½ o'clock.

THE Southern Hotel will be fully opened to the traveling public on the 15th instant. It has just been refitted and furnished in every department. The proprietor, J. S. Smith, will keep a first class hotel, at rates reduced from $3 to $2 per day. The planters' patronage is particularly solicited. sep13-1w

TURTLE SOUP! TURTLE SOUP!!—Vetter Dreissigacker's lunches have become famous, for he always has the very best to eat and drink, and serves out so frequently that he can't be beat. His barkeepers understand their business, and his guests make themselves at home. Call at the Monroe Exchange, No. 25 Monroe street, if you don't believe it, to-morrow at ten o'clock, and you will satisfy you. sep13-2t

CLOUGLE REFINING PROCESS.—There will be an exhibition of the celebrated Clougle Refining Process, in the Chamber of Commerce at 12 m., by at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Monday, at 3 o'clock. Mr. M. Day, jr., of the well-known Agricultural Implement Manufactory of Elmyra, N. Y., and Co., Mansfield, Ohio, and Elmyra, Nor. & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Day has been conducting some experiments for several days past at the store of Orgill Bros. & Co. Old Sorghum Syrup has been refined and brought out with a brilliance and flavor equaling Belcher's or Stuart's golden syrup, while some raw juice refined on Saturday surpassed in color and delicacy of taste the finest syrups we have ever seen. It was of a very light whitish golden color, and so transparent that a newspaper could easily be read through a good sized bottle full of it.

It is the desire of some of our citizens that a large Commercial Refinery be started upon this plant, at this point, and we hope our business men will give the Process a careful examination with this in view, for there is no better point upon the river, or in the United States, for such an establishment. West Tennessee, Northern Mississippi and Eastern Arkansas, could raise sorghum enough for a dozen refineries, and the Louisiana syrups are within easy reach, so that a refinery of any magnitude can be kept busily employed.

We are assured that the expense of refining by this Process is materially reduced—at least one-half to two-thirds—and the outfit is comparatively insignificant. We bespeak a full meeting of the Board. sep13 2t

PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.—One of the striking elements of modern civilization, is the encouragement given to those who are desirous of making provision for the future. Institutions are already numerous, so guarded by legal wisdom that if there is safety ina nything which the Legislature has created, savings banks, trust companies, and life insurance offices are sustained by the strongest enactments that ever emanated from the representatives of the people.

That with all the excellencies which characterize the two first, the superior claims of life insurance investments are admitted without hesitation. Their stability is a strong feature. The rapid accumulation of income which is only gathered to be distributed with a moral certainty of reaching those for whom it is specifically designed, far outweighs all former plans in the world's history.

Life insurance is predicted upon vital laws, guided by the strictest rules of scientific investigation, so that if there is a real risk it is on the part of the institution granting the policy, and not a hazard of the person who receives it. In consequence of a true and positively increasing cash capital, the company can risk more than a single individual. One is perpetually increasing its resources, while the latter leaves of receiving at stipulated periods, either for himself, his wife, or child, sums that may gladden the heart when dark clouds of adversity are most threatening in their aspect. Read the transactions of the ST. LOUIS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Office, (which will be cheerfully furnished by the Agents in this city, Messrs. McMahon & Otis,) has developed into colossal proportions in a comparatively short period, in consequence of a strict adherence to the principles of equity which have invariably characterized all its business relations. It is but necessary to spread out bread tables of figures to demonstrate its prosperity. Faithful agents and an intelligent community are the instrumentalities by which it moves onward, securely, and with an expectation of those to whom its administration is confided, of contributing largely to the comfort of this generation, and to the happiness of its patrons in succeeding ages. Messrs. McMahon & Otis, Agents, in the Kit Williams block, Madison street, Memphis, Tenn., issue policies in this excellent institution. 2t

DEMOCRACY.

TORCH LIGHT PROCESSION.

OLD MEMPHIS REDIVIVUS.

GRAND POLITICAL DISPLAY.

A SPLENDID ILLUMINATION.

DEMOCRATIC CLUBS IN LINE.

BANNERS, FLAGS & MOTTOES.

10,000 CLUBMEN MARSHALED.

OLD TIME EFFORTS ECLIPSED.

30,000 SPECTATORS LOOK ON.

Memphis has never witnessed anything at all to compare with the display of last night. In vain will the oldest inhabitant rack his brain for a precedent, and the student of political history seek for a parallel. Memphis has eclipsed herself, and, for the first time in her history—indeed in the history of Tennessee—has shown what unity and patriotic effort may accomplish towards the grandest and most sublime moral effects.

The enthusiasm of the people—of men, women and children—culminated on this occasion. All were jubilant, all good humored, orderly and well-behaved, as well those who participated as those who were the spectators, of this grand occasion.

All along Second and Main streets, Winchester at the north, and Trezevant and Shelby streets at the South, far as the eye could reach, a dense and closely packed mass of people lined the sidewalks, filled the galleries and crowded the awnings. Fair women and brave men, old and young, rich and poor, white and black of our population were out. Every class participated and all acquitted themselves nobly and as became an intelligent and law-abiding people. Incidents and a mishap or two, such as are inseparable from great gatherings and kindred excitements, are reported, but nothing that could be construed into marring the generally pleasant and agreeable features of the night.

The ladies, without whose presence even so grand a concourse and procession of men would seem but a poor affair and could scarcely be called brilliant,—they were everywhere in large numbers, elegant in toilets and radiant in beauty, leading the throng in enthusiastic cheers and demonstrations of rejoicing.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

At an early hour in the evening, the business houses closed their doors and began preparations for the grand event. Flags and banners and transparencies were hurriedly thrown out and put in place, and gas jets and candle-holders, to await the decline of day, when forth there blazed along the streets, especially Main, such an illumination as is almost beyond description. Chinese lanterns of every shape and device, generally composed of the national colors, transparencies of singular beauty and appropriately mottoed, made up, with the simple and sometimes beautiful illumination of the windows, a rare and gorgeous spectacle. No vision of fairy land nor Eastern fable could surpass it in brilliancy, nor match it in detail. Lightsome as sunlight, beautiful as poets dream was the *coup d'oeil* as seen from the corner of Jefferson and Main streets, looking either way. Whatever could add to the general effect and appear striking, was to be seen on and in the houses of our Democratic merchants and trades people, blending into one mingled stream of living fire, resplendently shining forth through the emblem of freedom, "our starry flag."

About 7 o'clock the Clubs began to muster at their respective rendezvous. Drums and trumpets, the clatter of horsemen, resounded on the quiet air, and recalled stirring memories of the early days of the war, when Memphis, yet young in tribulation and without the great sorrows that afterward overtook her, reveled in the pleasing holiday spectacles of military parades, as innocent of powder as the gathering of last night. How the heart leaped as thought trooped after thought, recalling these stirring days, and the dead men that once enlivened political gatherings with their cheers, and lent the charms of their eloquence to enforce the creed and sentiment of party. The years that have intervened since Memphis put on the robes of political honor and wreathed herself in gala smiles are burdened with sorrow—have been years of trial, of endurance, of triumph only in hope. The war intervened and blotted out all recollection of Presidential contests and all interest in all but one contest—that for Independence. From the reality of an independence that lasted only as long as Lee's and Johnson's armies, we passed to subjugation, to military tyranny, and finally under negro governments. Groaning yet under the infamous tyrannies thus inflicted upon us, we have pledged ourselves to our Northern brethren to labor as a great work of the Democratic party—the removal of *our* disabilities in the prevention of the establishment and the p[illegible] under Grant and Colfax. Since we entered [illegible] clubs have been es- the 4th of July last, [illegible]ing machinery of [illegible]ablished, and the wor[illegible]et in motion. a State organization been [illegible]demon- We have had all manner of [illegible]s and strations, and speeches of all [illegible] descriptions, some in and some [illegible] place, some that ought not to have been made, and many that will bear reputation. The leaders and the struggling great men have inundated us with explications and explanations of Democratic doctrine and generally we have had every sort of display, but the grand, magnificent and glorious outburst of last night which, as seen from the corner of Jefferson and Main, near the APPEAL office, was the culmination of all the efforts of our party.

Gen. Forrest and his Marshals, Col. Moses White, Col. Irving Halsey, Col. M. Magevney, Capt. F. L. Hamlin, Capt. J. W. Cochran, Capt. George Mellersh, and Mr. Edward Anderson, were on the ground with military precision, and by their promptness and quickness of movement, soon inspired order out of the chaos incident to formation. Precisely at 8 o'clock the column was on the march up second street to Winchester, through Winchester to Main, down Main to Trezevant, through Trezevant to Shelby, up Shelby to the stand between Monroe and Madison, on the bluff.

The following is the order of procession, and the salient and leading features of the city and county clubs, to whom praise beyond measure is due for their untiring efforts and the patriotic ardor that dictated so much in illustration and motto that was new, fresh and stirring, for the grandest political success in the history of Tennessee:

THE COLUMN

was headed by six policemen in full uniform, who marched three on either side and cleared the path for the procession, at the head of which, in an omnibus, was the

MEMPHIS CITY BAND,

under the leadership of the veteran Smith, surpassing even its old prestige—its clarion notes, swelling upon the summer air, and making the blood tingle and thrill through the veins of the vast and countless thousands who heard the sonorous metal breathing martial sounds. Next to the band came the

CAR OF LIBERTY.

This was a platform raised upon a framework on wheels, surmounted with seats arranged in pyramidal form, and the whole covered with drapery of red-white-and-blue tulle, spangled with stars. In front of the car was a locomotive lantern shedding a most brilliant light. On the seats, ranged around a sort of central throne, were thirty-six young ladies, representing the several States as follows:

TENNESSEE	Nellie Smith
INDIANA	Ida Armstrong
TEXAS	Anna Lumpkin
PENNSYLVANIA	Hattie Collins
VIRGINIA	Nellie Kimball
ALABAMA	Cora Ashe
CALIFORNIA	Kate Peston
NEBRASKA	Maggie Ashe
KANSAS	Ida Smith
WISCONSIN	Sora Bell Avery
MISSISSIPPI	Stella Specht
NEW YORK	Kate Kirk
GEORGIA	Mollie Taylor
MARYLAND	Knoxie Pickett
LOUISIANA	Emma Word
DELAWARE	Jennie Specht
KENTUCKY	Lady Bachus
ARKANSAS	Minnie Pullen
NORTH CAROLINA	Lillie Ballentine
NEW HAMPSHIRE	Clara Smith
OHIO	Kiona McPherson
SOUTH CAROLINA	Julia Morgan
FLORIDA	Mattie McEwen
MISSOURI	Ella Morgan
NEW JERSEY	Guila Belcoach
WEST VIRGINIA	Sallie Owen
VERMONT	Annie Pickett
ILLINOIS	Willie Smith
MICHIGAN	Emma Mitchell
IOWA	Lillie Wray
MAINE	Stella Sperry
OREGON	Fannie Cartwright
MINNESOTA	Mary Belle Childs
CONNECTICUT	Henry Childs
MASSACHUSETTS	Louisa Coleman
RHODE ISLAND	Camelia McPherson

On the throne, surrounded by the young ladies above mentioned, and representing the Goddess of Libberty, was Miss Katie Ware Harris, who looked a very *diva*. Surrounded and followed, as beauty was even in the knightly days of old, and even in our own chivalric times, by an escort of the Blair Knights, the car moved forward amid a blaze of pyrotechnic splendor, which burst forth from a hundred different directions as the cortege filed slowly by. A long line of knights, dressed in plain black pants and white shirts, and superbly mounted, carrying a hundred torches, filed after the car, the whole under command of Maj. Phil Allen. After them came a large wagon upon which was a platform, on which was the

SODA WATER APPARATUS OF C. J. HARGAN,

the beautiful and intricate machinery of which was in full motion during the whole procession, making, bottling and corking bottles of soda water, which were dispensed liberally to all who asked for it. Following this was the

PROCESSION OF THE PURIM.

In a chariot drawn by four gray horses and escorted by four Blair Knights, were four beautiful little Hebrew maidens representing the mothers of Israel, Rachel, Leah, Miriam and Deborah. The carriage was tastefully decorated with flowers and lanterns and presented a fairylike appearance. Following the mothers of Israel was a canopy of evergreens, borne by four negroes, under it rode on horseback a Hebrew boy and girl, representing the King Ahaz and Queen Esther. On the front of the canopy were the words, in Hebrew and English, "Another Haman Found." Behind this, and as an escort, came a troupe of Jewish boys, dressed in spotless white, with mitres and breastplates, representing Levites. Following them was a transparency on a hand-wagon, representing a gallows, with Grant hanging on it, and the legend, also, "another Haman found." Close following these, with their beautiful banner, which has already been described in the APPEAL, was the

BLUFF CITY DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

These gentlemen turned out in force, having seventy-five torches and six transparencies in the line. One of the transparencies was a cheese-box, with the ends knocked out; astraddle of it was a "jumping jack" figure, worked with a string, and at the end was the simple word "Grant." Next came the

FIRST WARD DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

In the van of which was a huge pair of log wheels, twenty feet in diameter, drawn by six horses. Mounted on them was a triangular transparency with the simple and effective motto, "Seymour and Blair." One hundred and fifty-four torches were borne in the line, and six transparencies. The most ludicrous of the latter was one representing a "carpet-bagger on November 6," a lean and hungry-looking individual with a carpet sack, making a "straight shirt tail" for up Salt creek. This club was headed by the West Indian colored Conservative band. After the First Ward Club came two wagons, bearing transparencies, "Seymour and Blair." Close following these in the line came the

SECOND WARD CLUB,

headed by their colored band, who were doing brave service on their drums and fifes. At the head of the line, between it and the band, was a wagon, handsomely decked off, on which was for a design a huge game cock. On top of the transparency, chained to his place, was a live coon—"the same old coon." One of the features of the procession followed the club—the

SODALITY SILVER CORNET BAND

in a boat, square or barque rigged, and drawn by four horses, the rigging lighted up with Chinese lanterns, the whole making a brilliant and beautiful display. On the side of the boat was the motto, "Leftwich for Congress!" Following this band came the

COLORED CENTRAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB

bearing a beautiful banner, representing the white and black man shaking hands. About fifty lights were carried by them, and the body was marshaled by the veteran and portly Sam Croghan, who was gorgeously attired in grand regalia of silk and satin. Next in order, followed Tobin's 7th Ward (colored) band, came the

FOURTH WARD DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

which bore three transparencies and sixty torches, making a fine, though not quite so numerous a display as some other clubs. After the 4th Ward came the

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

This, though the youngest club in the line, was second to none in point of numbers, or in the looks and accoutrements of the men. It was headed by a wagon bearing a transparency, on one side of which was a locomotive [illegible]led "Seymour and Blair," coming [illegible]speed, with the motto, "Clear the [illegible]" and on the other was Grant track! [illegible]de a mule, which has become trying to [illegible]s kicking and plunging, vicious, and [illegible]"Let us have peace." with the motto, [illegible]on was a locomotive In front of the wa[illegible]shed a light head light which [illegible]in front of the whole line, and fifty-five They bore one hundred a[illegible]xperienced torches in the line and seven transcies.

The wagon of Messrs. O. F. Prescott & Co., brilliantly lighten up with coal oil arrangements, and covered with patriotic mottoes, followed next; and after it French John followed in a wagon, in which was a furnace with a fire in it, at which John stood cooking. Over the furnace was a transparency representing Barbour Lewis reaching for an omelette—marked "$400,000." The devil has him by the shoulder, and says "look out brother, you will burn your fingers." To which the immaculate replies, "Just one more grab, master." Next came the

YOUNG MEN'S INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

headed by its beautiful banner, which, like the one of which we formerly spoke, has already been described in the APPEAL. On the front is a portrait of Seymour, with the motto "Peace." The legend is, "The fame of the conqueror is the scourge of mankind." On the reverse is, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." There were a hundred and sixty torches borne in this band, each of which was unique and beautiful, the flame being sheltered from the wind by a glass shade. Following these came a

JOB PRINTING PRESS,

mounted on a platform on wheels, and kept at work printing the following card, which was being distributed by thousands on the line of march:

"White House, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., cheap boarding for the million. The spoons and silverware under the charge of an honest 'Butler.'"

Close following the printing press came the

FIFTH WARD DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

numbering over two hundred torches in the line, and all of them borne by sturdy yeomen. They were accompanied by the Fifth Ward Colored Democratic Band, who were untiring in their efforts to make "music for the million." Immediately following the band, and at the head of the club, was a car representing the temple of the Union, a beautiful kiosk of red, white, and blue, spangled with stars and trimmed with gold and flowers, the pinnacle being surmounted with a double reflecting lantern. At the head of the wagon was a locomotive reflecter, and in the kiosk, dressed in white, spangled with stars, and draped gracefully with the American flag, was a beautiful girl, Miss Mollie Carrol, representing the Goddess of Liberty. At the four corners of the platform were four young ladies, Misses Turner, Reed, Carrol and Kiley, also dressed in white.

Following the Fifth Ward Club was Joe Seligman's "turnout," carrying the "great and good" Larry Harmstad, and after it was a wagon full of "carpet-baggers," not the least life-like among whom was "little Jimmy Sullivan." The Fifth Ward Colored Democracy, carrying fifty lights, came next, and they were followed by R. G. Mathew's reaping and mowing machine, handsomely decorated and illuminated. Jeluco's Italian string band followed, leading the van of the

YOUNG MEN'S INDEPENDENT SEYMOUR CLUB,

who, headed by their banner, now so well known in Memphis, and displaying three hundred torches, made decidedly the best appearance of any dismounted club. A large transparency carried by them bore the simple legend "Constitutional Liberty." A platform bearing an anvil, forge, and other paraphernalia, followed next—being the "shop" of Schultz, the safe manufacturer. Several very appropriate mottoes were displayed by him, among them—"No Tax on Industry;" "Safes against Scalawags, Locks against Rogues." Another great feature of the evening, and one that elicited universal cheering and many floral testimonials from fair hands on the balconies and at windows, next approached. It was a wagon trimmed and completely arched over with evergreens and flowers, the most beautiful and costly that could be procured; in this were seated twelve soldiers, six Federal and six Confederate, in full uniform. A large square transparency was in the wagon, on which were blazoned, "United we stand, divided we fall," "Democracy is just," and other mottoes which we could not see. A wagon bearing a revolving sun, of peculiar workmanship, which we are sure is the same that we once saw operated at Charlie Broome's, the invention of C. W. Gulick, Esq., the scenic artist. It was magnificent, and eclipsed anything of the sort we ever saw.

MAYOR LEFTWICH'S CARRIAGE

came next. In it were his children, with their old negro nurse, bearing a transparency with the motto, "Radicalism can't part us from our mammy."

A COFFIN,

came next, borne by four colored men in deep mourning, with crape on their hats a yard long. The motto on this was "The end of Radicalism." Following the mourners were a band of colored men with picks and spades—"a burial corps."

THE GREENWOOD CLUB

came next with a banner bearing portraits of Seymour and Blair, with the inscription "a statesman and a soldier." One hundred and fifty torches were in this line, with many beautiful transparencies. Next came the

TENTH WARD CLUB,

led by the Tenth Ward colored band. A hundred and fifty lights were borne by this club. On their banner was inscribed "Union and Peace," and several transparencies were very fine—one especially, representing Grant riding a black hobby horse with a negro's head, with the motto "Grant's Hobby."

TENTH WARD CLUB NO. 2

followed with sixty lights and several transparencies, and they were followed by

THE DE SOTO BOAT CLUB,

in a boat, square rigged, on wheels, which made a unique and beautiful display. Their transparencies were painted on Chinese lanters and were all *apropos* and witty.

THE BUTCHER'S CLUB,

mounted on splendid horses, came next.

Following the DeSoto Club boat was a negro riding on a mule, bearing a transparency representing a plethoric carpet-bag, filled to overflowing with county bonds, with the motto, "Follow me my beloved." After him came another negro, riding a lame mule, with a transparency representing a bundle on the end of a stick, and with the motto, "We have followed you too long, brother Lewis." The members of this club, were dressed in black, with white aprons and wearing plug hats. They made decidedly a splendid show.

Another mounted band of

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATS,

led by Col. J. J. Dubose, came after the butchers' club, and these were followed by the

NINTH WARD CLUB.

bearing about one hundred and twenty-five lights. In their line was a full rigged ship, in which were about twenty persons. The motto was "Constitution and Liberty." They were led by the Ninth Ward, (Chelsea,) colored Democratic band. After these came the

NICHOLSON PAVING DEMOCRATIC CLUB,

with some thirty wagons, bearing chaldrons of burning tar, blocks, paving implements, and one wagon representing the laying of a section of pavement. This club made a fine display, and was no unimportant part of the grand procession, which the ice wagons of

BOHLEN & HUSE,

with two or three omnibuses, brought to a close—the grandest, most imposing and magnificent spectacle ever seen in Memphis.

ILLUMINATIONS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

On the corner of Main and Winchester streets a bonfire was kept up until a late hour, as also on the corner of Main and Market streets, and at several other points along the route. Taking our course down Main street, No. 4 engine house first attracted our attention. It is also the headquarters of the First ward Democratic club, and was brilliantly illuminated, with an immense flag extending across the street. Next came J. O'Connor's liquor house, and the drug store of A. Renkert, both of which looked well. Prof. Robertson's college, near by, was also quite attractive. The Overton Hotel displayed a handsome flag and was lighted up from one end of its long balcony to the other with jets of gas. Auman & Stuart's dry goods house and Joe Walter's drug store were illuminated, as well also Lunn & Mallon's. W. [illegible]gueston's, Forster Kealhofer & Co., H. [illegible]ompsons and the wholesale boot J. W. [illegible]ouse of Goodbar & Gilliland and shoe [illegible]splayed lights from each of This house [illegible]of their building. B. Rocco, confectioner [illegible]on the corner of Main and Adams, must not be forgotton,—the only opposite, nor photographic gallery [illegible]arly opposite, nor the drug house of C. G. [illegible] Ward & Bro., which was finely set off with candles, lanterns, etc. Next in order came Wm. Miller's boot and shoe house, and [illegible]ople & McCowan's clothing house. M. K. [illegible]us & Co., and Lyons & Fies, both dry goods houses, were tastefully fitted out with lanterns, etc., as was the furniture house of McKinney, Bryson & Co. Walker Bros. & Co. had their immense store in the Clay Buildings beautifully decorated with lights and colored transparencies, and to our mind the display made by this house was second to none in the city. The headquarters of the Petro Oil Company varied the scene by embellishing their windows with many colored paper. Hesse, Levy & Co. were also well lit up. On the corner of Main and Jefferson, the handsome cigar store of J. H. Schiff attracted much attention, while on the southwest corner of the same streets the enterprising firm of B. Lowentein & Bros. was viewed with admiration by the thousands who passed and repassed during the evening. Mrs. M. C. Hunter, as well as Mrs. L. Kremer, were not chary with their illuminations, but had their respective stores tastefully arrayed with lights. At the drug store of G. W. Jones, parti colored lights were kept burning during the evening, lighting up the square and street beautifully. J. O. Ford & Co. had lanterns hung in festoons across the front of their saddlery house and next door. A. Seesel & Son made a very good display. On the awning was resting a large transparency having on one side the following:

"May the cotton cease to grow,
May the river cease to flow,
May the sugar cease to yield
Until the Dem.-cracy win the field."

The other side also bore an inscription, but an immense wave of living beings swept us along too rapidly to make further notes. Next came the well-known clothing house of Robinson, Sneed & Co., which besides being decorated with lanters, bore a transparency inscribed with the names of the people's candidates and underneath "Unity to a divided Nation. Freedom to an oppressed people." Menken Bros.' fine stor was resplendent with light, and upon one side of a transparency we read the words, "We *Grant* no credit but want to *See-more* cash." Pooley & Barnum and Wells & Coll, our friend Leidy, of the Memphis Hat Company, Wallace & Gibson, J. C. Ward, J. T. Hamilton & Co., Miss Perdue—in fact all the houses in the block were bright as at midday. Leubrie, the great cigar dealer, George Bergman, who also disposes of the weed in every style, from finecut to the finest Havana, were trying to see how much gas they could consume. Cornnie, of the "House that Jack Built," caused his handsome little news depot to laugh with glee at the gala dress assumed for the occasion. Here there was a jump of several houses, none of which were lit except the agency of R. G. Dunn & Co. and the law office of Brown & Lyles. Mansfield & Higbee had their fine, large drug house open and hung with lanterns, which enveloped the gas jets. The Ice House, Clark's Rink & Johnson, L. Roco & Co., J. C. Holt & Co., Geo. Patterson & Co., and L. Newburger & Bro., were noticeable. The dry good house of Rice, Stix & Co. the crockery house of Lloyd, Clark & Co., the dry goods house of Howell, Wood & Co., and the house of Geo. H. Blood & Co., were very attractive in their display. At Mrs. M. L. Rodners several flags were extended over the sidewalk. J. S. Leavell & Co., of the well known shoe house, had their handsome front finely and tastefully set off. The Fashion saloon vied with its neighbors in the way of light. Moores, Smith & Co., J. W. Voegeli, Tobin, Lynn & Co., G. W. Falls & Co., and the Southern Hotel, were very finely illuminated. Here we left Main street and pursued our way to Shelby street, where we found the business houses of Mr. Ould, Mrs. Keeley, John Noni, Mrs. Yaeger and Thos. Shendan, dressed all out in light. P. & C. Heefle & Co., the Rialto, G. A. Eckerly, J. Trabucco, L. Bertoletti, the Shelby House, Greentree House and Moore & Whitfield, were all finely lighted up. On Front street at the late hour we reached it, the houses of A. Vaccaro & Co., Sutton & Mann, Orgill, Bros. & Co., Clarke, Ely & Co., Edmonds & Todd, R. Brannon, T. L. Martin and O. A. Kraus, were shedding forth rays of light. Many others who had lighted up very early in the evening we omit, owing to the lateness of the hour. On Howard's Row, Banksmith Humphrey & Co. were effulgent. On the streets running from the river we noticed many very fine displays. The St. Cloud Hotel, on Union street; the Central and Goodall houses, on Adams street; the Grey Eagle Restaurant, Bond & Jones and J. Specht, on Madison street, and the Empire Saloon, No. 18, Jefferson street, are all worthy of especial mention. On Second street we can only call to mind the Lehner house, the cotton house of Fowlke & Steffey, and the Dancing Academy of Mad. Leise, as having attracted our attention. Private residences without number were illuminated, and vied with the more pretentious buildings on our prominent streets, in the halo which they threw out amid the darkness of the night, but we must omit notice of them. We, however, would do injustice were we not to mention the residences of Mr. George L. Grayser, on the corner of Second and Market, and that of Col. A. H. Douglas, on Shelby street, which were cheered vociferously by the procession.

The newspaper offices were ablaze with light, but by far the most elaborate display was made by the APPEAL, which, in connection with rockets, Roman candles and blue lights, illuminated windows, and the star spangled banner, etc., had a large transparency inscribed with the names of Seymour and Blair upon the roof of the composing room.

ON THE BLUFF.

The head of the immense crowd arrived at the speaker's stand, upon the bluff, while the end of the procession had yet some three miles to march. Those who felt so disposed, awaited to hear the speeches which were expected, but by far the greater number retired to their homes, feeling that words, no matter how eloquent, facts, no matter how elegantly clothed, or however potent, could wield the same force or produce the effect which the outpouring of the people must have had upon those in our midst who would keep us in subjection and deprive us of those rights which are, in all the civilized world, conceded to be inalienable. Thinking ourselves that on an occasion such as the one last night, speeches were out of place—were rather an affliction than otherwise, we omit any mention of them.

INCIDENTS.

The only lamentable incident connected with the turnout last evening was the malicious shooting of a member of the 9th Ward Club, as that body was marching to the rendevous. The shooting was without provocation, and was done by a black or white Radical standing on the sidewalk near the corner of Fifth and Mill streets. The wounded man was shot in the right side, but it is hoped the wound will not prove mortal.

THE MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE Road have issued a new time-table.

APPLES are still coming into the city by the cart load.

Dress Goods—Dress Goods—The latest styles and all qualities, just received at Howell, Wood & Co.'s, 334 Main street. 2t

CHARLIE CREWS, who drives a wagon for Hume's steam bakery, lit into Mr. Schultz day before yesterday, and walloped him. *En revenche*, Mr. Schultz had Charles arrested and carried before 'Squire Norton, who continued the case till to-morrow.

DRY GOODS—Our stock of fancy and staple Dry Goods are being received every day—Howell, Wood & Co., 334 Main Street. 2t

BIVALVES.—Mazoretti, who keeps the well known restaurant on Union street, between Main and Front, has begun to receive his oysters. His first consignment came to hand yesterday, and were highly relished. Mazoretti is a good cook, a capital fellow, and knows all about oysters. He will continue to keep them on hand during the fall and winter season.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL FESTIVAL, which was postponed last week, will positively come off on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, next. We hope our friends will respond liberally to the calls upon them, and come forward and help the Church in educating its helpless little ones. See advertisement in another column.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER THEN? This is a question that many a man who shouldered a gun a few years agone, and marched to the battlefield, asked himself, as he thought upon the aged and infirm parent he was leaving behind him at home, to the tender mercies of a cold world, if he fell upon the field of battle. Many a salty tear it caused to trickle adown hardy, sunburned cheeks, that had known no tears for years before. If, however, we could have had, in those unfortunate times, an institution in our midst like the CAROLINA INSURANCE COMPANY, such fears and tears as then tortured the brave, would have been useless; for the departing hero could have gone to the agents, and, having taken out a life policy in that aged and infirm parent's name, gone forth to the battle with a strong arm and a manly heart, knowing that all he held dear was provided for. Peace hath its dangers—no less than victories—as well as war; and for these we should always be prepared. Messrs. Ferguson & Privett, No. 11 Madison street, issue all kinds of policies, and a visit to them will be the most beneficial thing you could do.

THE COURTS.

CRIMINAL COURT—*Wm. Hunter Judge.* Stands adjourned to Court in course, the second Monday in October next.

LAW COURT—*H. S. Lee, Judge.*—Meets on the second Monday in October next.

SHELBY CIRCUIT COURT—*George W. Reeves, Judge.*—Meets on the fourth Monday in September, 1868.

MUNICIPAL COURT—*Geo. W. Waldran, Judge.*—Meets on Monday next, pursuant to adjournment. The cases set for trial on that day were published yesterday.

CHANCERY COURT—*Wm. M. Smith, Chancellor.*—Meets in special session on the second Monday in October next. The regular term of Court commences on the second Monday in November, 1868.

An injunction bill was filed in the case of N. Malatesta, J. F. Lucovini, Louis Lazaretto, Louis Brechitto, Joseph Boggianno, John Sturla, James Boggianno and H. Hensteat vs. S. B. Beaumont, Channing Richards and A. P. Burditt, Police Commissioners, and J. L. Chandler, Tax Collector, restraining them from collecting a certain license tax not warranted by law. The injunction was served on the defendants.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.—Chancery Court decree vesting title in E. R. Winston, eighty-five acres on Hatchie river.

David H. Todd and wife to P. R. Bohlan, four and eighty-eight hundred acres, lot E, Hill's division, $9000.

Anthony Raggio to S. Dowders, lots 3 and 8, Armour's division, $4000.

L. F. McNamara to W. F. Hardin, 50 by 54 feet, corner of Causey street and Brown's avenue, $3223 86.

J. J. and H. H. Windle to Jacob Beetle, one acre, part of lot 24, Weakley tract, $1250.

D. B. Blair to Wm. C. Ellis, lots 29 and 30, block 9, Fort Pickering, $350.

Chas. Jones to Josephine Dickens, three and three-hundredths acres, lot 31, Jones' subdivision, $1666 50.

GEORGE M. GREELY, Register.

September 12, 1868.

CATO LITTLE, a little catiff of the mackerel persuasion, robbed Mrs. Winchester, of some small change. 'Squire Norton sent him up.

A Sense of Security.

A shudder of horror pervaded the crew,
The tempest so raged and the hurricane blew;
With a crash went the mast by a blast of the gale,
That swept away rudder, the rigging and sail.
When they screamed in alarm to Paddy below,
Who was busy at work in the steerage, there was a terrible blow;
Stop your pother, cried Pat, up there on the deck,
I'll not stir from here at the risk of my neck;

SUNDAY APPEAL.

DESOLATE.

BY E. B. CASTLEN.

Pitying Father! I am weary.. Is there no rest for me,
With bands immortal, star like bright, beyond the Jasper Sea?
My tottering limbs are bending 'neath this heavy load of care—
I'm helpless! hopeless! desolate! with yield ing to despair.

I've watted duteous, oh! so long; now ceaseless murmurs moan,
And tear my soul, and yet I wait, oh God! and pleons groan;
Still sweltering at the forge of sin, I fashion coils and chains,
Tho' good they be, they rivet fast my soul to torturing pains.

Alone I walk earth's dreary waste, no flowergems I view;
Naught, richly wrought, or fair, or bright, adorns with beauteous hue.
Yon surging wave's white, dancing foam, but seems a heated bath,
Prepared for my poor quivering flesh, seething in mighty wrath.

Few gentle words—no balsom oils t' annoint the gaping wound
The world makes in our bleeding hearts; no ointment, fragrant, bound
To feel bruised by the cruel flints; friends, cold neglectful, give
But with ring frowns, and little care how bitter 'tis to live.

Wearied, I long to leave the strife, and like some tired child,
Lie near cool, gushing waters, where the whitening blossoms wild,
Nursed by the breezs, send odors sweet to greet me as I lie,
Freed from the heated race of life—thus, Father, would I die.

So weary, pitying Father! ah! to lap the cool, dark wave,
Oblivion, till my thirsty soul could feel that rest the grave
Gives to its guests, driven by the blast to seek its deep, cold breast.
I'm helpless! hopeless! desolate! Oh, Father! give me rest!

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

A QUIET LIFE.

BY CHARLES G. STERNE.

I.

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

II.

A little lad with dark-brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair;
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

III.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

IV.

A little family gathering round:
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his toil;
A little rest from hardest toil.

V.

A little silver in his hair;
A little stool and easy chair;
A little night of faith-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

LYTTON AND DI'SRAELI.

Anecdote Descriptive of Their First Meeting.

In the admirable paper on D'Israeli, in the August number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, we find the following interesting anecdote:

When Mr. D'Israeli launched his first tale and found it a success, Lord Lytton, then Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, had achieved the proud place as a novelist which he has ever since retained. The aspirant for literary distinction had long admired, at a distance, the renown of his senior, and, encouraged by the reception which his own maiden effort had received, he did what young authors under similar circumstances are apt to do. He sent to Mr. Bulwer a copy of *Vivian Grey*, writing, at the same time, an apologetic note, and giving reasons for the liberty he had taken. The letter, with its accompanying gift, were at once acknowledged, and Mr. D'Israeli was requested, to name a day for dining with their recipient. It happened that Mr. D'Israeli had arranged for quitting England, onthe day but one after receiving this invitation. He wrote to say so, and the morrow was fixed for the symposium. Four gentlemen sat down at Mr. Bulwer's table on that occasion—one being, of course, the host; another, Mr. D'Israeli; the third, a man, shy, but evidently intelligent, for though he said comparatively little, his remarks, as often as he hazarded them, were keenly to the purpose. The fourth, a friend of the host, need not be specified. It was an evening not to be forgotten, because, then, as now, both Lord Lytton and D'Israeli shone in conversation. The party broke up about midnight, and the host and his friend were left alone together. After discussing D'Israeli, the question was put, "Who is your silent guest?" "He is one of the ablest men I know," was the reply. "He was my contemporary at college. He is now a barrister; and, mark my words, he will attain the highest honors of his profession. His name is Cockburn." The climax to this little bit of domestic history or gossip is very remarkable. The two brilliant novelists and the painstaking lawyer who dined together some forty or more years ago comparatively obscure men, have all risen to positions of eminence in the State. Mr. Cockburn is Lord Chief-Justice of England; Mr. Bulwer, after serving as Secretary of State for the Colonies, has become a peer of the realm; and Mr. D'Israeli, on more than one previous occasion Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, is now First Lord of the Treasury.

We cannot allow this anecdote to pass without observing that Lord Lytton, like Sir Walter Scott, has always been forward to notice and encourage rising merit, and that more than one author who might have otherwise lived and died unknown, is indebted to him for his first decided start and subsequent success in life.

Definitions of Bible Terms.

A day's journey was 33 and 1-5 miles.
A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.
Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet, nearly.
A cubit is 22 inches, nearly.
A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighth inches.
A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.
A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.
A shekel of gold was $8 00.
A talent of silver was $516 32,
A talent of gold was $13,800.
A piece of silver or penny was thirteen cents.
A farthing was three cents.
A gerah was one cent.
A mite was one and a half cents.
A homer contains seventy-five gallons and five pints.
A nepha or bath contains seven gallons and five pints.
A bin was one gallon and two pints.
A firkin was seven pints.
An omer was six pints.
A cab was three pints.
A dog was one pint.

News from Ohio continues highly favorable. A gentleman writing from Mr. Vallandigham's district says: "The prospects for us are extremely fine everywhere. I have every confidence in the result." Mr. Vallandigham's district has been largely Republican, but it seems it will continue so no longer. We think Mr. Schenck's services will be *required at home*, and that his people cannot consent to continue him in Congress another session.

CHINA.

Interesting Resume of Habits and Customs of the People of the Celestial Empire.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

The Empire of China is steadily opening itself to mankind. The progress in this direction in the last quarter of a century, and especially during the last five years, has been unprecedentedly rapid. Not only by commercial relations and treaties, but also by outward emigration, China is evincing her growing desire to mingle with the rest of the world on the same footing as the great European and American nations. Already a large and thriving element of our own population on the Pacific coast is made up of the natives of China.

The Chinese are, to a marked degree, an industrious and economical race. Their colossal empire is crowded with the artisans of almost every trade. One of their great industries is the manufacture of porcelain, which is carried on chiefly in the province of Kiang-si. The single city of Kiantchang contains more than a million of inhabitants, nearly all of whom are employed in the manufacture of china. The bustle and activity that reign throughout this enormous hive of human industry are almost indescribable. All day long clouds of smoke and columns of flame ascend from its multitudinous chimneys, and atnight the whole city appears like an immense conflagration. Here are manufactured, in countless variety, all those wares of fine porcelain, to which the Chinese empire has given the name, by which they are known throughout the world. From the great urns of China-ware, covered all over with richly colored reliefs, representing scenes of Chinese life, down to the tiny and fragile cups and saucers, so thin and delicate that they are known as egg-shell china, all kinds of porcelain ware are here turned out by more than five hundred separate factories, and thousands of furnaces. The division of labor is carried to an extent almost infinitessimal. Every workman has his special department; one paints a certain flower, another a bird; one plies a brush with the red color, another with the blue. A single china vase has to pass through the hands of more than fifty different workmen. The beauty and perfection achieved by the Chinese in this art were long the envy and despair of Europeans. It dates back many centuries, and specimens of beautiful china are still preserved that are older than the Christian era.

The art of pisciculture, or rearing of fish by artificial means, has long been known in China, although a wholly new thing among the western nations. For a few sapecks you may buy a bowlful of mud filled with spawn, large enough to sow a large pond with fish. In a few days, the young come forth, and are fed with tender vegetables chopped up and thrown into the water; the growth of these fish is prodigiously rapid; in three to four weeks they are large enough for the table.

Traveling in the Chinese Empire, although destitute of those swift conveyances which the invention of the past fifty years has contributed, is carried on in a peculiarly agreeable manner. The whole southern portion of the Empire is so intersected by rivers and canals, that it is easy to go to any point in boats or junks. These handsome boats, furnished with all the luxuries of Chinese civilization, are ready for hire wherever you go. Instead of being expressed through like a bale of goods, at railroad speed, so that you can see nothing, or next to nothing, of the route, you glide gently from city to city, with abundant room to move about, to write or read, or view the scenery, making of traveling a pleasure and a luxury, instead of a penance. Several great cities are built in the water, like Venice, having magnificent canals in place of streets. In Northern China the traveling is far more fatiguing. From the absence of water facilities, it is carried on in palanquins, or in coaches, or on horseback. The roads are terribly rough, and the luxury of springs is unknown.

The Chinese hotels are only tolerable in the largest towns and cities. In the country they are extremely wretched, though they generally bear inscriptions in large letters on their doors, promising the traveler peace, comfort, generosity, and all kinds of good cheer. When you get into the interior, however, you quickly discover that you are to be both cheated and starved. China is not the only country in which the promise of hotel keepers is not borne out by their performance. Chinese travelers, instructed by experience, have a way of carrying with them a little bag of tea, suspended to the girdle, and a kind of bun, made of boiled wheat or rice. But the poorer classes, when they travel, swallow a vast quantity of rice each morning, and fast the rest of the day, having most accomodating stomachs, that support hunger and thirst with perfect ease, but distend themselves to take in an enormous quantity of provisions when feeding time comes round.

The little feet of Chinese women are a traditional fashion of a most despotic kind, and dating from very remote antiquity. The admiration for small feet fairly amounts to a fanaticism; and Chinese mothers never fail when a daughter is born to them, to compress the feet in the tightest of bandages for years, until the check to growth is placed beyond the reach of accident. It results that all Chinese women are lame, and their step is a kind of hop, as if walking upon stilts. The custom is undoubtedly a most barbarous and absurd one, to say nothing of its utter uselessness; and it would be equally difficult to defend the parallel custom of many Europeans of compressing the waist by artificial means; a practice even more barbarous and unwholesome, and which, like the Chinese one of small feet, has nothing under heaven but blind fashion to support it.

The newspaper press in China is an established institution in most of the large cities, and each province has what is known as an official gazette. The *Official Gazette*, of Pekin, is among the organs of Government. In it are printed all laws and ordinances, a sketch of public affairs, the principal events of the day, petitions addressed to the Emperor and his answers to them, important judicial proceedings, condemnations and pardons granted by the Emperor, etc. The Pekin *Gazette* is published daily, in the form of a pamphlet, and contains sixty or seventy pages to each number. Yet its subscription price is only two dollars and a half a year; and all printed matter of whatever kind, is sold at similar incredibly low prices in this extraordinary empire. The official newspapers of the provinces reproduce the principal articles and all the public documents from the Pekin *Gazette*.

The Chinese are passionately addicted to theatrical performances. Rich and poor, mandarins and people, without exception, doat upon the drama in every style, There is hardly any village so small as to be destitute of a theater, and this is usually placed opposite the pagoda, and sometimes even forms a part of it, thus linking the church and the theater indissolubly together. The Chinese drama is amazingly prolific, though both plots and the scenery are extremely simple. The actors are mostly mere servants, not attached to any company, but of the itinerent class, going wherever wanted, and traveling with their great bags of costumes, like troops of gipsies, on all the rivers of China. They are generally hired by the mandarins, or rich men, for a certain number of days, or are engaged by associations in the towns and villages. The lower classes are always admitted to the theaters free, and some theater or other is always open at all hours of the day and night in the great cities. Women are forbidden to appear on the stage, their parts being played by young men, who imitate the feminine voice and dress. Applause and hissing are alike unknown.

Suicide is even more commhn in China than it has lately come to be in this country. The extreme readiness with which Chinamen take their own lives is remarkable. A word or mere trifle causes some of them to hang themselves or to jump to the bottom of a well. The custom of taking vengeance upon an enemy by killing, not him, but one's self, seems to be common to the Chinese and with the inhabitants of Japan. The chief reasons for this are that Chinese law makes responsibility for a suicide fall upon the cause or occasion of it, and the family of the suicide also procures, in such cases, heavy damages. Whereas, if a man kills his enemy, and not himself, he is punished and disgraced by the loss of funeral honors, which is a point concerning which Chinese sensitiveness is something wonderful. Suicide is not only respectable, but public opinion, so far from condemning it, counts it a high honor and glory,

The physical character of the Chinese is far superior to that of the surrounding nations of Asia. The freedom of their dress, especially of the men, gives the best possible development to the limbs, and no nation furnishes a finer shaped or more powerful race of people. The low average temperature of the Empire, its thorough cultivation and drainage, and the active, indrstrious habits of a majority of the people, account, in a great measure, for this. Europeans and Americans have all acquired a false and distorted idea of the Chinese *physique* from the figures represented on those specimens of manufacture imported from China. These are commonly in a style of broad caracature, and no more to be trusted, as conveying a true idea of the Chinaman, than the drawings of CRUIKSHANK, or the pictures in *Punch*, could be trusted by a Chinese as photographs of actual Englishmen. The character of levity and farce associated with them is entirely erroneous. They are among the most steady, considerate and matter-of-fact people in the world.

Polygamy is not sanctioned by Chinese law, though concubinage is permitted. A Chinese can have but one wife, properly so called, and she is distinguished by a title, espoused with ceremonies, and chosen from a totally different rank in life from the *Tsie*, or handmaids, of whom he may have as many or as few as he pleases. The offspring of these last rank after the children of the wife; the handmaid, or concubine instead of being espoused, is bought with the husband's money, and treated like any other domestic. The Chinese wife and the Chinese handmaid stand in precisely the same relation to each other as the SARAH and HAGAR of the Old Testament, in the household of the patriarch ABRAHAM.

The religion of the better class of Chinese is a well-bred indifferentism. The rival doctrines of the various sects which once enlisted zealous partisanship have long since lost all authority, and the ceremonies of religion, though still kept up with a parade of *bonzes* (priests) and pagodas, have a hollow and unreal aspect, significant of their very slender hold upon the national mind. Religious discussions have entirely ceased, and the constantly-repeated formula that have taken the place of them is this: "All the religions are but one." The learned class have a profound admiration for the classical books and moral precepts of CONFUCIUS, the great Chinese philosopher and saint, whose ethical maxims are in every body's mouth. Nothing more clearly marks the universal skepticism as to doctrinal creeds than the formula of politeness exchanged between strangers on first meeting. It is customary to ask, "To what sublime religion do you belong?" One will call himself a Confucionist, another a Buddhist, a third a Mohametan; and they all end in repeating, as if in chorus, "Religion are many—reason is one; we are a l brothers." There is no established religion, and the government, the learned classes and the men of affairs alike regard all religions as things futile and without interest.

THE GRECIAN BEND AND DISEASE.

Every phyiologist is hourly pained by the exhibitions of vanity of which a large mass of females are perpetrators. To obtain what is called "the Grecian bend," they are torturing nature to such a degree, that thousands of them will become the victims of disease. Tight lacing drives the vitals from their natural position, displaces some of the most important parts of the organism, and renders those who suffer unfit for the most ordinary duties of life. It is a crime to injure, by any artificial appliance, the beautiful mechanism of nature, and the invariable result of so doing is deformity, which the eye of taste cannot endure. The young lady who thinks she can improve her form by constraining it within boundaries less than those which nature demands for its service is not only thoughtless, but she is criminal. She will find in a few years, or perhaps months, that she has with her Grecian bend, a disease that never can be wholly eradicated; and those who go to extremes in the absurd fashion of the day will assuredly find themselves sufferers from a complication of disorders. The wise young ladies of this metropolis, we trust, will not be misled by the cruel inventions of *modistes* to adopt any fashion which restrains the natural movements of the vital organs, or other parts of the admirable organism which is the gift of the Deity, and cannot be too sacredly respected.

A tombstone in a village cemetery in the interior of Pennsylvania is adornd by a piece of sculpture which brings in relief a colt, a boy and a tree. The colt is represented as kicking the boy in the stomach, and the epitaph is in this wise:

"Sacred to the memory of Henry Harris, born June 27, 1821, of Henry Harris and Jane his wife. Died on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt in his bowels, peacefully and quiet a friend to his father and mother and respected by all who knew him and went to that world where horses can't kick, and where sorrow and weeping is no more."

Over one thousand Coolies were landed at Havana last month.

There is a firm in Syracuse by the name of Settle & Burst.

NAVAL HEROES.

Adventures of Illustrious Sailors.

From Once a Week.]

The daring and adventurous spirit of our race has been well exemplified in every age by our seamen. Again and again have they penetrated the awful icy solitudes of the Arctic regions—realms where no living creature is to be seen, save rare tenants of the deep. Ice everywhere, and no life. Calm, profound, oppressive, awful! Summer has gone, with its never-setting sun—the red orb rolling for six months in ceaseless course, like a slow-moving red-hot cannon-ball, round the horizon; illuminating the wide wastes of ice and snow which sparkle with colors not their own, beneath the sun-rays which they analyze. Winter has come with its perpetual twilight. Never a sunrise to mark the return of day; only a little less darkness. And the cold, intense, frightful, piercing through the thickest fir-skins which nature creates, and the warmest flannels which Rochdale can manufacture. The ship is frozen in, and covered up, as if its tenants had converted it into a tent. Again the summer; again a broad gleam of ice-besprinkled waters; again some miles of movement, onward or backward; again expeditions over the ice on sledges; again the ever-rolling sun;—and once more Winter. So have a dozen and more of English ships penetrated into that lifeless land—some to return, but others to be crushed between the closing masses of ice—others abandoned in the solid unopened ice-fields, which even the six months' sun could not melt; the crews seeking to make their way back, and some of them perishing like brave FRANKLIN and his men, ere they could reach the settlements of the Esquimaux, or of the roving Indian tribes of the main-land.

And now SHERARD OSBORN, that gallant sailor, is dying himself, and is stirring up others, for a new and still grander enterprise in those barren Polar regions. Hitherto, the main object of all our searches in the Arctic regions has been to find a northwest passage—to ascertain if any sea-route extended from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Strait. And we have found it at last; but only to know that it can never be sailed by ship—that it is never sufficiently open to allow a vessel, with all the help of steam, to make its way around the northern coast of the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, It was a bootless search, no doubt, for any purpose save that of solving a geographical mystery. It was a search handed down to us from the long by-gone time when we sought a western route to the golden realms of Ind through regions not appropriated by the Catholic Majesties of Spain and Portugal, whose subjects were then the grand discoverers of the world. Now-a-days all that has passed. Discoverers no longer go forth to find and claim new empires for their sovereigns; but with the pure and simple object of unveiling the face of the earth, and of finding answers in the region of the uninhabitable to questions of science which are unanswerable in the portions of the globe habitable by man. It is Science, not Conquest, which inspires discovery and profits by its triumphs. And so, leaving the Northwest passage as the property of the dead FRANKLIN, and of those who vainly went to his rescue, SHERARD OSBORN longs to sail for the Pole itself—to stand upon the deck, with the keel of his ship right above the Pole; the most mysterious, as well as unapproachable point of the globe; the magnetic wonder; the point furthest from the Equator; *the* North—where the bright auroras have their birth—whence they spring as from a magnetic fountain, and rising high into the zenith, are seen from afar in flickering streams by us dwellers in the temperate zone. Such is the goal of SHERARD OSBORN'S ambition. He will not rest until he has planted his foot upon the mysterious Polar spot, where the restless magnetic needle at length ceases to move, and brought back with him an answer to the queries with which our scientific bodies will intrust him. Is it land or sea that covers the apex of our globe? And how do the northern lights look when viewed by one who stands beneath them, on the spot from whence they rise? Do they spring direct from earth, or are they generated, developed only in the upper sky? And how grand to see the sun never setting! To see it roll round and round the Pole—sight never witnessed by mortal man—sight the strangest which man can witness, and which will make immortal the name of the hardy explorer who first beholds it.

SHERARD OSBORN longs to sail thither, Well, it is about the only mysterious spot on earth in the search for which this wild, noble spirit of adventure can now exercise itself. Human nature will have its aspirations after the unknown; heroic life will risk or sacrifice itself in the romance of discovery, whether its object be a new world, or an Utopia. COLUMBUS sailed in search of the fabled Atlantis amid the seas of the West; and after he made his grand discovery, in all his subsequent voyages he dreamt that Paradise, the long-lost Eden, still lay in its beauty somewhere on the uplands of the new world which he had found. VASCO DI GAMA aspired to unveil the shape and round the southern extremity of the African Continent, successfully braving the stormy Spirit of the Cape. The daring MAGELLAN did the same for Southern America; and passing through the rock portals of the strait which now bears his name, he and his three ships entered the wide, unruffled, solitary expanse of the Pacific.

"They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea—"

sailing for three months and a half over its calm depths without ever sighting land; and at length perishing, in the hour of their completed triumph, by the hands of savages, a victim to their too reckless daring. Thrice did our own COOK circumnavigate the globe, discovering the isles innumerable of the Pacific, to perish at last like MAGELLAN on the sea-beach of one of the Sandwich Islands.

And what of the gallant Ralcigh, and the other searchers after Eldorado—the golden region which was believed to lie in the interior of the New World, somewhere between the rivers Orinoco and Amazons—with its rock so impregnated with the precious ore, that they shone in the sunshine with a dazzling splendor; and its capital, Manao, whose houses were roofed with plated gold, and which stood upon a lake called Parima, whose sands were auriferious? All the sufferings of those ardent adventurers—some in search of riches, others with the higher, but still vainer, dream of Eden in their hearts—hardly convinced them that Eldorado was but a fiction of their heated imagination; and many a gallant heart, worthy of a better fate, then fell a victim to its high-wrought fancies amid the wilds of Guiana—

"All o'erspent with toil and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain."

Still the passion for adventure lives, bravely, beautifully, madly as ever. Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, take their lives in their hand, and penetrate the hot fever-haunted plains of Africa for the sake of unveiling the sources of the Nile; and are rewarded by seeing the gleaming waters of three great lakes—Tanganyika, the Victoria, and the Albert—rolling their waves beneath them, and spreading away in the blue distance far beyond what eye can reach; or by viewing the mighty Nile, as it leaps down the Napoleon Falls, and commences its journey to the valley-land of Egypt, which itself has made, and which it yearly irrigates with its fertilizing waters. Livingstone, the greatest of African explorers,—an humble-born, high-souled, hard-headed Scotchman,—tired with the inaction and restlessness of common missionary life, crosses intertropical Africa from sea to sea, discovering in succession Lakes Ngami, Shirwa and Nyassa, the great Zambesi River with its Victoria Falls, far exceeding in magnitude, though perhaps not in effect, the Falls of Niagara; not forgetting the Bakota land, "where," as the natives say, "there is no hunger!" A blessed land, truly, where the soil, is so rich and the climate so benign, that even without aid from the chase—without pursuing the herds of elands and springbok that frequent the plains, or the countless hippopotami who wallow in the river, (and whose flesh is as the flesh of pork to eat) the soil itself yields to the unskilled and light-sitting labor of the natives an abundancy of food. Is not that a land where civilization should one day arise and blossom into new shapes?—a land where, all the necessaries of life being abundantly supplied to all, the daily bread being ever made sure, the higher part of human nature may develop itself without obstruction, giving reins to thought, imagination, art, unfettered by that reflection which so often stays the hand of genius when about to engage in some royal work—some masterpiece—that ugly chilling whisper—"Meanwhile, how can I live?" David Livingstone's name will stand forever in the front rank of the heroes of discovery. "Some people," said Livingstone, "may bring against me the charge of enthusiasm. I only wish I deserved it; for nothing good or great has ever been accomplished without it."

And now Sherard Osborn wants to sail for the Pole. He has been among the ice-fields before; he makes light of their dangers, and longs to return to them on a still grander mission. Science says that there are two points of greatest cold, one to the west, the other to the east of the Pole—the former about Melville Island, the latter to the north of Siberia—and between them lies regions of lesser cold. "Only eleven degrees of cold at the Pole." How attractive! True, such a degree of cold would be described as almost uncomfortable if it were to befall us even for a day in comfortable London. But it is luxury to men like Osborn or McLintock, who have wintered amid the perennial ice of Melville Island. Only eleven degrees of cold! Why, what stretches of unfrozen sea there must be in summer—long reaches of open water running deep into the ice-continent, and leading up to the Pole itself. Nay, is there not the vision of a Polar Sea to lure on bold adventurers in their schrch?—a wide basin of sea girdled all round by ice, but ever free and in motion, with its waves breaking into white crests as they roll over the blue expanse, disporting themselves above the very acme of our globe? That Polar Sea rises before the mental sight of our Arctic explorers as Eldorado did in the imagination of Raleigh and the adventurers of the sixteenth century; or as the dimly remembered Italian palace, with its gleaming marble pillars, rose up before the yearning heart of Goethe's Mignon. "Let us go to it," says Sherard Osborn. What is life without adventure? What would England be without that daring spirit? Will not our navy, the right arm of the national strength in war, grow weak and palsied if we do not find scope for the adventurous spirit of both men and officers?

TREASURY PRINTING.

THE Engraving and Printing Bureau of the Treasury, according to official returns, recently employed over six hundred hands, about half of them females. Its expenses for the calendar year ending December 30, 1867, were for the pay of employees, $600,023 94; for materials, paper, ink, chemicals, freight, fuel, light, etc., $260,085 84, making a total of $860,109 78. It manufactured during this period of ten-forty bonds, coupon and registered, $27,450,000; of five-twenties, $723,069,800; Pacific Railroad bonds, $38,000,000; gold notes, $240,000,000; three per cent. certificates, $160,000,000; fractional currency, $23,330,651—making a total of $1,211,850,451. Of internal revenue beer stamps, $20,265,000; of cigar stamps, $7,780,000. It also finished—that is sealed, numbered, trimmed and separated—legal tenders and national bank notes, printed in New York to $40,938,250 worth. The Bureau also prints the circular blanks, etc., for the Treasury and its Bureaus, and the confidential printing of the Executive and State Departments. It also makes and prints the envelopes used by the Treasury Department, manufactures the paper used therefor as well as that used for circulars and bank note work, and rules and binds blank books for the department from paper made and printed in the bureau, and performs various other services for the different bureaus, and makes and repairs its own engines and machinery. The work done by the bureau during this period, if done elsewhere, and paid for at current market rates, would, it is said, cost about two million of dollars. The bureau is now engaged in manufacturing bonds for issue under the act of March 5, 1865, in making fractional currency, the average quantity of which is over a half million of notes daily; in printing cigar and beer stamps and the various drafts and certificates required in the office of the Treasurer of the United States; in printing circulars and blanks; making blank books, envelopes, etc., for the Treasurer's stationer; in engraving and re-entering plates, etc., and in sealing and finishing the legal tender and national bank notes printed in New York.

What Should a Farmer Be?

The *Scientific American* asks the question: "Should a Farmer be more than a Farmer?" and answers it thus:

We think he should. He should be a mechanic as well; should know something more than

To plow and to sow,
To reap and to mow.

He needs ability to repair his tools; to understand how to keep his implements in good condition without being entirely dependent on the blacksmith or machinist; to be able to do carpeutering work, to patch and mend harness, to mend his tinware, and do many other jobs which the denizens of towns and cities find it more convenient to turn over to those who make these repairs a speciality.

Love receives its death-wound from disgust, and is buried by oblivion.

SCIENTIFIC DARING.

The Perils of Balloon Ascension and Aeriel Observation.

From Once a Week.]

One dull day in autumn, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Gleet Hills, on the western edge of the great central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gasses which chemical skill could produce; it arose with amazing velocity. A mile up and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the airship; the sky overhead was the clearest and deepest blue; and below lay cloud land—an immeasurable expanse of cloud, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth, now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep, dark ravines appeared below; the peaks and sides of those cloud mountains next the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above the earth! A pigeon was let loose; it dropped through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a bark laden to the deck was to pass from the heavy waters of the open sea into an inland unsaline lake; the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! The prism, when opposed to the sun, showed marvelously clear; lines appeared which are invisible in the denser atmosphere on the earth's surface; but as the car swung round in its gyrating upward flight the moment the direct rays of the sun passed off the prism, there was no spectum at all. The air was so pure, so free from comparatively solid aqueous matter, that there was no reflected light; the air was too thin to retain or rfleet any portion of the rays which fell upon it. And what a silence profound! The heights of sky were still as the deepest depth of ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as unstirred from year to year as the dust impereeptibly gathers on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound, no life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above the earth—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dewangiri. Despite the sunshine, every thing freezes. The air grows too thin to support life even for a few minutes. Two men only are in the adventurous balloon—the one steering the air shipt, he other watching the scientific instrument and recording the changes with a rapidity bred of long practice. Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instrument his sight grows dim, he takes a lens to help his sight, and can only mark, from the falling barometer, that they are still rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call his comrade, who has gone into the ring above; a whisper in that deep stillness would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. His head drops on his shoulder; with an effort he raises it—it falls on the other shoulder; once more, with a resolute effort, he raises it—it falls backward. For a moment he sees dimly the figure of his comrade in the ring above; then sensation fails him—and he lies back unconscious. Some minutes pass—the balloon rising upward. Seven miles from the earth! The steersman comes down into the car; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him. He saw at once that life or death hung upon a few moments. The balloon was still rising rapidly; it must be made to descend at once or they were both dead men. He seized or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it and let out a portion of the inflating gas. His hands were purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed, they will not respond to his will. It was a fearful moment. In another minute in their upward flight he would be as sensless as his comrade. But he was a bold, self-possessed man, trained in a hundred balloon ascents and ready for every emergency. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman heard a voice calling him. "Come take an observation—try!" He heard as in a dream, but could neither see nor move. Again he heard, in firmer and commanding tones, "Take an observation—now do try." He returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman stand before him. He looked at his instruments; they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. The æronauts were revived. They had been much higher than mortal man, or any living thing had been before. But now they are safe.

Such are the perils which science demands of her votaries and which they encounter bravely and cheerfully. Such was the memroable balloon ascent of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, from Wolverhampton, on the 5th of September, 1862. A madness, thousands will say, a perilous absurdity, a tempting of Providence, a risking of life for no adequate purpose. One minute more of inaction on the part of the man whose senses were failing him, and the air ship, with intensely rarified gas, would have floated untended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space. What would have become of them? How far it would have ascended with its lifeless freight how long it would have floated all unseen in the empyrean, who shall say?

Lookout Mountain Crumbling to Pieces.

Says the Nashville *Press and Times*, of August 28:

We received intelligence last night from a gentleman running on the Chattanooga Railroad, that an immense segment of Lookout Mountain was detached from near the top and rolled down towards the Tennessee with terrific noise. He assures us that one solid piece alone must have weighed five hundred tons. It is thought that some internal forces are at work disintegrating the mountain. The people in the neighborhood are apprehensive of some impending disaster, and are all flocking into Chattanooga.

—THE question is often asked, where do sea birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them with water, hovering round and under a storm cloud, chattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles, or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they can go without it for many days, if not for several weeks.

FINEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

Dorchester House, situated in Park Lane, London, is one of the most beautiful, internally, in the English metropolis. The owner, Mr. Halford, the *Court Journal* tells us, has made it a special study for many years to make Dorchester House vie in substantial splendor, and interior beauty, with any residence in London. In this, many think, Mr. Halford has succeeded, but our readers may judge for themselves from the following description: Externally the building is a well-known architectural feature of the locality, and attracts attention by its grandeur and withal elegant simplicity. It is in style Italian of the fifteenth century, from designs by Vulliamy. On the north and west sides of the house are terraces, with stone balustrades, etc., laid out to harmonize with the architectural style of the building. Internally the unostentatious character is also preserved. The entrance hall is plain and massive, and has four solid pillars, supporting an arched and groined roof. This opens into the staircase hall, which is one of the great internal attractions of the house. The steps, landings and balustrades are of solid white Italian marble; the balusters are of colored alabaster, and the walls are lined with Spanish, Flemish, and Italian marbles of various colors. The columns and pilasters, amounting to more than ninety, are of single pieces of Italian (Ravacioni) marble, with Parian capitals. On the ground story the columns are of polished Aberdeen granite. The arches and cornice over the upper columns are of solid Italian marble. The lower floor of the staircase hall is formed of inlaid marble in patterns. Off the vestibule, at the stairs, there is a recessed room, the walls and ceilings of which are ornamented with painted decorations, in imitation of the Pompeian rooms. The splendid suite of reception rooms are, as usual, on the first floor. They are finished and decorated in a style of chaste magnificence; the ceilings are painted by Italian and English artists, and these, together with cornices, architraves and mouldings are in part gilt. There are three drawing-rooms, the walls of which are hung with silk damask; the first have red, the second green, and the third, crimson. The floors of these are in parqueterie, and formed of inlaid woods. The decorations of the dining hall are not yet completed, but it promises to be the largest and most beautiful saloon of the kind in the kingdom.

BARBEROUS OPERATION.

A Chinese shave and shampoon is thus described by a correspondent: "The operator took a razor, and strapping it upon his leg, began to cut the beard from my face without having lathered it. Upon my suggestion that a little lather would prove beneficial, he replied that it was entirely useless, and had a tendency to make the hair stiff and tough, and was therefore never used by persons who had any knowledge of the human face divine and its appendages. I, per force, acquiesced in the opinion expressed, but would rather be shaved twice with soap than once without. After the beard had been taken off, and it was done in a very short time, the barber took a long, sharp, needle-shaped spoon, and began to pierce my ears. He explored every avenue, and brought up, from numerous little crevices, bits of wax and dirt which had been accumulating there since my childhood, for I never submitted to such an operation before. Having become satisfied with picking about my ears, the barber suddenly twisted my neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked, as if the vertebræ had been dislocated. 'Hold on!' I shouted, alarmed for the safety of my neck. 'All right,' replied the tonsor, 'me no hurt you,' and he continued to jerk and twist my neck until it was as limber as an old woman's dish-rag. He then fell to beating my back, breast, arms and sides with his fist, and pummelled my muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they had received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over me, and having dried my skin with towels, declared that his work was done. I dressed myself, and having paid my two cents, walked away, feeling like a new man. The sensation of soreness was gone, and one of elasticity remained. I really never felt better in my life, and must say that half an hour under the hands of a Chinese barber would be far better than a glass of soda after a night's debauch."

THE VELOCIPEDE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The "velocipede," which is now attracting attention, and of which an exhibition is to be given on Boston Common, is simply a new name for the same kind of invention which was in quite general use some fifty years back. It was then called a "dandy horse" in England, probably from their use being mostly confined to the dandies of the period. At that time the fashionable men might have been seen on any of the popular drives, propelling along, with their coattails at an angle of 45 degrees, to the infinite satisfaction of themselves and the envy of the non-possessors of the coveted establishment. The vehicle of that period was constructed like those lately introduced, excepting that it lacked the pin on the front wheel by which it could be kept going when once fairly started. It was propelled by the feet upon the ground, and after a good speed had been attained the feet were temporarily rested upon a small projection at each end of the front axle until the horse required further propulsion. The dandy horse, however, died out of use about the year 1820, in some measure owing to several serious accidents through their use, chiefly ruptures, which the springless nature of the rider's seat was very apt to produce. But they were in high feather once, and Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, and other notables of the period, patronized them extensively in St. James Park, taking their "constitutional" on the dandy horse after a hard night spent in the House of Commons or around the gaming table.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Advantages of California.

An enticing view is given in the *Overland Magazine* of the advantages of California as a farming country:

Every place has grapes. These pay, if you can make and hold your wine, and they have a sure future not far off. Mulberry trees grow like weeds. There are five millions now growing. You can feed them one year old. In two years these will feed silk-worms. Any quantity of reeled silk is salable. All your family can work at this, and two crops of cocoons are certain. There is no such country for silk, in quantity and quality. Flax, castor-beans, hops, tobacco and many such things might be mentioned.

Main Strength.

Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook Fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said to the player: "My good friend, do you play by note?" "The devil a note sir!" "Do you play by ear, then?" "Never an ear, yur honor." "How do you play, then?" "By main strength, be jabers."

ALPINE HOTELS.

Modern and "Old-time" Comforts Contrasted.

From the Pall Mall (England) Gazette.]

"Twenty and even ten years ago it was difficult to find in Switzerland any comfortable place of residence five or six thousand feet high; but now such places may be counted almost in dozens. Formerly ladies, and even men